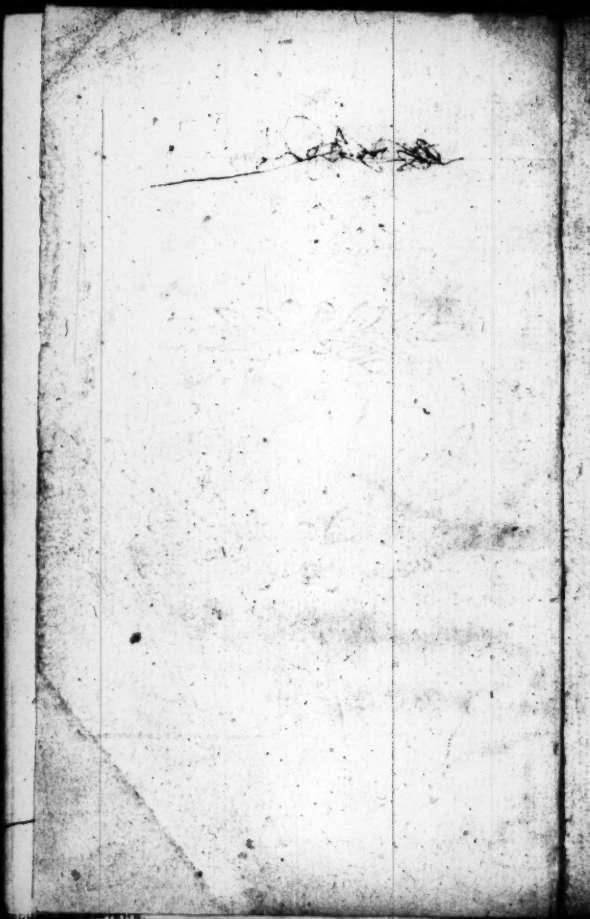


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A



# THE ACADEMY OF PLEASURE.

Furnished with all kinds of Complementall Letters, Discourses, and Dialogues; with variety of new Songs, Sonets, and witty Inventions.

Teaching all sorts of Men, Maids, Widows, &c. to Speak and Write wittily, and to bear themselves gracefully for the attaining of their desired ends: how to discourse and demean themselves at Feasts and merry-Meetings at home and abroad, in the company of friends or strangers.

How to Retort, Quibble, Jest or Joke, and to return an ingenious Answer upon any occasion whatsoever.

*Also,*

A Dictionary of all the hard *English* words expounded. With a Poeticall Dictionary.

With other Conceits very pleasant and delightfull, never before extant.

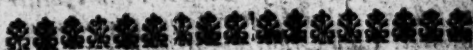
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L O N D O N, 50

Printed for John Stafford at Fleet-bridge, and  
W. Gilbertson in Giltspur-Street. 1656.







# The Academy of Pleasure.

## The first Book.

The Acad

### A Letter of Courtship to a Lady.

Beauteous Virgin,

**T**Hose that believe Cupid to be blinde, are  
(undoubtedly) blinde of all their senses; he  
could never ayme his Darts so right, nor hit so  
sure, if he were not clear-sighted as an Eagle. The  
last time I saw you, he took his stand in your faire  
eyes, and thence directed an Arrow to my heart,  
Which is now become but one flaming lump of  
Love: a Love (bright Virgin) as unstained as thy  
vertues, and as immaculate as the soul of expi-  
ring Martyrs; What plea, then, could you finde  
should you be summoned to Venus Barre? if your  
cruelly bereave him of life, Who has no longer to  
live than your goodness shall grant him a Being;  
since, then, your smiles are my heaven, and your  
frowns my hell, and that you are my  
Fate, \* and can damn or save me, [\* and can tell me  
let me know my Doom, that I may of destroy me.

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

prepare my self either for Blisse or Torture; better  
to fall once, than be ever falling; send me my  
Sentence (dear Mistress) as speedily as may be,  
since the worst that can happen will be the highest  
happinesse,

Which is to die,  
Your Martyr.

SONG I.

*The languishing Lover.*

[Tune is, When Love with unconfin'd wings.]

1.

WHEN first my eyes perus'd thy parts,  
(Thou best of woman-kinde)  
Love drew his bow and thril'd his darts,  
Into my wounded minde.

The cruell Archer emptied all  
His Quiver in my breast,  
And now does triumph in my fall,  
While I lie slain in jest.

2.

I burne in immateriall fire  
Such as the Ghosts below  
Doe bathe in, yet doe ne'r expire;  
Come Thames, or Silver Poe,

And quench these never-fading gleams  
That scorch my panting heart,  
O else receive me to your flames,  
That Life and Love may part.

*A complemental Discourse between a young Man and a Maide the first time of their meeting.*

He.

**S**weet Lady, I was never happy till this minute, nor ever had cause to thinke my selfe one of Fortunes Favourites till now; when I have the felicity to behold a beauty so matchlesse as yours. If the word [Stranger] doe not fortifie your breast with flint, I shall have hope that the humble prostration of a loyall loving heart will not hang clouds on that heavenly face.

She.

**I** Perceive (Sir) you are well skill'd in Courtship, and know how to rank and file your Complements; but I wonder what you should see in me that might incourage you to so bold a confidence to talke of Love and Loyalty; You have not known me (Sir.)

He.

**N**O Lady; I have lived hitherto in a darke corner of the World, my Hemisphere has enjoyed no Sun; some dusky false and foolish fires I have sien, but now I behold the true Venus in her full brightness: you may (perhaps) censure me of Vanity, and rank me with those that take a pride to manifest what Masters of Wit they are, while they

B 2

glue

## *The Academy of Pleasure.*

glut the ears of their Auditors with oylie Phrases, and varnished Discourses; but could you behold my heart, you would there finde a reality equal to any of the Ages past, When Love was not linked to sinister ends.

She.

**S**IR, you might be pleased to preserve your Courtship for Her, you either are, or may be more intimate with, than you are ever like to be with me; You much mistake my temper (Sir.) I must have ample experience of that mans virtue, whom I afford so much as a look: there are those (no doubt) that will be proud to receive your Rhetorical Addresses; but my selfe am of a clean contrary inclination, who if I cannot beg your silence, as to discourses of this nature, shall be compelled to quit your company.

---

### SONG II.

#### *The Wanton.*

[ Tune is, Fair Fidelity tempt no more ]

I.

**S**Tay, (my dear Eliſa) stay,  
Aurora yet has not ushe'd in the day,  
Lie still my dearest,  
What is't thou fearest?  
Let's kisse, and take our fill of Venus play:  
Hark; what tunes doe greet our ears?  
(While the Doves  
Sigh our Loves)  
Tis the musick of the spheres:

Then

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

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Then let's mingle soules,  
And mount above the Poles,  
Those active sweetes  
Between the sheers,  
Loves highest fame inroles.

2.

This great world must peopled be,  
And therefore Mayds doe sin most monstrously;  
Hang tedious wo'ing,  
He must be doing  
That means to boast a numerous Progeny.  
Come then (Dearest) let's advance,  
Never fear  
This career  
Will either break or split my lance;  
Sweet, this is no more  
Than thy mother did before,  
Love's sacred Rites  
Require these nights  
Fifty times ore and ore.

3.

While we thus in love combine,  
(I the stout Oake, and thou the tender Vine)  
See where the graces  
Smile in our faces,  
And hand in hand in a *Corranço* joyn.  
*Fove*, I doe not envy thee,  
While I sip  
From her lip  
Nectar farre more brisk and free,  
Than that which hum's thy head,  
Fill'd out by *Ganymed*,  
In her all pleasures,  
And all treasures  
Are summ'd and centered.

B. 3

## A queint Jeer.

SIR,

**T**Hese cloathes fit you as well as if they were made for you; sure you can conjure, and have the Devil for your Tayler: you could never have such a peculiar elegancy of habit else, a method that no man in Town is master of, your Spruce finished self excepted, you doe not use to starch your beard (Sir) doe you?

## The Retort.

Troth Sir,

**T**Hese poor ornaments found creation, as the world did, when it lay like a lump; I spake but the word and all was fitted to my hand; but to tell you the Fashioners name, I confesse I cannot, onely by circumstances, (I mean, comparing his person with yours) I guesse him to be that very thing that got you, you are his very picture Ile assure you Sir, and may passe for the same slack-sinew'd Tayler were your hayre more gray, and cloathes more gawdie.

---

A wanton Letter to a witty Gentlewoman, desiring her company such a day at such a place.

LADY,

**I** Know I have made my selfe but the Ladder that your Wit must mount upon by this Address,

dr. se,

## *The Academy of Pleasure.*

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dresse, but I shall beseech you (for credit of your own clemency) to whip me onely with Rods and not with Scorpions: I have had experiences of the tartness of your temper, and doe perfectly know that six more such as your self are able to jeer a horse to death, but I shall hope my businesse will not deserve your anger while I onely beg your company to morrow at two after Noon at Mr. Grimes his house, where Tom Shallow and my self are resolved to sacrifice as much Sack as would turn a Mill, to Mirth and Beauty; you must be our Venus, the Oblation will not off else: your incomparable beauty must irradiate the Temple where we mean to Tipple, our Devotion will be as cold as Scythian Ice else. Thus humbly and earnestly begging that you would not faile, I kisse your lily hands, and remain,

Your eternal Servant.

## *The Answer.*

SIR,

YOu are excellently well skill'd in Metaphors I perceive, a shrewd Similist believe me, to compare your selfe to a Ladder; doe you thinke I shall ever take the Hangmans Trade out of his hands, and throw men off the Ladder for thirteen-pence-halspenys? but had your wit a visible body, I am confident it were more easie to strangle a Cat at Tyburne, than to rob that lythe light thing of life

life with a Rope ; doe you think that I use to string my whips with Scorpions upon such triviall occasions ? a besome of birch will be sufficient to sweep away Legions of such Lapwings as those, who travail'd with their Tenements upon their heads. Six such as my self you say are able to jeer a Horse to death ; but I must tell you, you are but an Ass for saying so : for my conversation never extended to a Dialogue with a Dromedary. What a beastly Quibble was this ? to come to the matter, you will sacrifice as much Sack as would turn a Mill. Oh rare ! You mean that Windmill in your brain, which would be of no use if it were a Watermill : for there is not so much moisture in that pitifull pan of thine as would b. dew a clout : You beg that I will afford you my company to morrow, two after Noon, and you prattle of Temples, Oblations, and Irradiations ; Will you never leave your Eloquence till the Carre-men curse you ; but I shall be-wish you, if it be but for Mr. Shallows sake,

Till when and ever

Yours verily.

---

SONG.



SONG III.

*A Dialogue between two Lovers.*

[ Tune is, *Phil Porters Rant* ]

1.

He. **VV** Hy dearest *Mel*, art thou so coy?  
Why dost thou flie my love?

Fie, fie! a maydenhead is but a toy,  
As thou wilt shortly prove:  
Come then my Darling,  
Cease further parling,  
We spend the time in vain;  
Accept that duty  
I owe thy beauty,  
Over and o're again.

2.

She. **O** Fie upon dissembling men!  
I bar will cog, and swear, and lie

Till they attain their ends; but then  
Bid the Lasse they lov'd God b'uy:  
Ere she's a mother  
They'r for another,  
Never true to one;  
Therefore he take care  
Who has my ware,  
And all allurements shun.

3.

We: What though some perjur'd knave (n y *Dear*):  
Has sacred Love abus'd,  
Shall he'thar doth most truly swear  
For his sake be accus'd:

By

By

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

By all things binding,  
 And worth the minding,  
 By thy beauty bright,  
 (With words unfeigned,  
 And thoughts unstained)  
 Thou art my soules delight.

4.

She.

Here, then, we'll knit those holy bands  
 That joyne two hearts in one,  
 God *Cupids* selfe doth guide our bands,  
 No more Ile lie alone :  
 Thou (Sweet) shalt sway me,  
 I will obey thee  
 Till Death shall drive us hence:  
 Then (in our shrouds)  
 Wee'l meet i'th clouds,  
 And new-found joyes commence.

*A Flout.*

Directed to a Mayd, or Widow, more  
 proud than proper, and more coy than  
 comely.

**F**Aire Lady, methinks you are not *Mistresse* of  
 so much beauty as might make you proud; a  
*Gentlewoman* of ginger-bread (for ought I know)  
 may make a better *Bedfellow*; what are good cloaths  
 when the face is wanting, but like small beer in a  
 silver goblet; a meer *Mercurys Lucifer*, but not a  
*Rag of Natures Wardrobe* about you.

Her

Her Retort.

SIR,

**Y**ou are a strange Gentleman, and something  
disperate to talke thus to one you know not;  
my name was never yet served up at Ordinaries,  
nor belcht abroad in Taverns by any such Royster  
as you seem to be; I should think my self the most  
unhappy of all my sex, if there were any thing in  
me that might merit the respect of such a Satyr as  
your self.

SONG IV.

[Tune is, There were three Cheaters.]

1.

**C**ome *Francelia*, come away,  
Why doe we waste so bright a day?  
Let's make haste to yonder grove,  
There I'll give th' earnest of my love,  
On a bed of Daylies thee I'll throw,  
Every pretty Virgin should doe so.

2.

Then we'll sit and sport a while,  
And with talk the time beguile,  
Till bright Sol-b gin to shrink  
As if he meant the Sea to drink:  
Then unto *Ist ngton* wee'll go,  
Eve y pretty Virgin should doe so.

3.

There with cakes and cream wee'll feast,  
While my Host does break a Jest.

2  
N.B.

*The Academy of Pleasure:*

Nut-brown Ale that cures the weak,  
 And can compell a Cat to speak:  
 There will we laugh, and kisse, and wooe,  
 Every pretty Virgin should doe so.

4.

And when the envious Night comes on,  
 Ouer the Fields we will begon,  
 There I le give thee as we passe  
 A Gown as green as is the grasse,  
 For which thou shalt owe me a kisse or two,  
 Every pretty Virgin should doe so.

5.

Then towards London (though't be late)  
 We'll come and view thy Fathers gate,  
 Where (Oh sad Fate!) that I must leave thee,  
 Thy Fathers servants will receive thee:  
 But we shall meet again I crow,  
 Every pretty Virgin should doe so.

6.

Thus having parted with my Sweet,  
 I like a shadow passe the Street;  
 For why? my soul is left with thee,  
 Keep it (*Francelia*) charily:  
 Or fix it fast on *Cupids* Bow,  
 Every pretty Virgin should doe so.

*The Lover Courts the Mayd to mediate  
 for him to her Mistresse.*

Lover.

Sweet Sarah, I know your kindnesse can excuse  
 My boldnesse, especially When you have put on  
 this

this Toy upon your finger; nay, by Venus, you shall not refuse it: I know you hold your Mistress in your power, you are her Counsellour, and she puts not a Flea to death without your privy: will you induce me to her esteem, and procure me such addresses as may be fit and opportune? you know my meaning.

Mayd.

**T**Ruly (though you may not know it) I have already mentioned your praises, and with some vehemency; nay, and which is more, she lends a listening ear to all that she hears concerning you; I could tell you something, Sir, that would rejoice you: let it suffice, she never hears your name but her colour comes and goes; to my knowledge, she has a good opinion of your person and your parts.

Lover.

But is it possible (my dear Sarah) that we may converse by Starre or Moon-light?

Mayd.

I dare promise you, Sir, but meaning no harm Sir.

Lover.

Doe but accomplish what thou hast spoken, and command me, though to the losse of fame, of treasures, and of life; nay, chain me as thy slave. So farewell sweet Sarah.

Mayd:

Your faithfull Servant, Sir.

SONG.

## SONG V.

*A Dialogue between two Lovers.*[Tune is, *Fain I would if I could, &c.*]

1.

*He.* I Would fain  
Once again.

Fold thee in my armes,

Why shouldst thou shun

What we have done,

Ere now on equall terms ?

Can love that's grounded die ?

Why art thou then so shie ?

Come, prithee let me try,

And put on all thy charms.

2.

*She.* While you were

My onely Dear,

I ca'd for none but you ;

Tis your own fault

Has made the halt,

You false, shall I prove true ?

You first did break the Truce

By offering Love abuse,

Nor can you finde excuse,

Therefore (good Sir) adiew.

3.

*He.* Did never none

But I alone

Su'y Loves snowy vest ?

You'l finde there's more

By many a score,

Like me, have sinn'd in jest,

You onely I prefeire,

Although I courted her

Your name, alone, I wear,

Lodg'd in a loyall brest.

4.

*She.* Custome and art  
Has taught your heart  
How to dissemble finely,  
Your every thought  
Is worse than nought,  
Yet you can prate divinely,  
But Ile believe no more,  
One perjur'd ore and ore :  
Go, get you to your Wh——  
Sleep on in sin, supinely.

5.

*He.* By all that can  
Oblige a man,  
I swear (my dearest Dear)  
My future love  
Shall fully prove,  
I move in virtues sphere.  
I loathe what I have done,  
And shall such Syrens shun  
Thou all my heart hast won,  
And shalt sit Regent there.

6.

*She.* The love that I  
Did really  
Proteste to you of late,  
So sways my sense  
I want a Fence  
To keep out Love and Fate.  
Look down ye heavenly powers  
On this new league of ours  
From your immortal Towers——  
——— Let's kisse and supplicate.

*A Letter from some Gentlemans Creature,  
to a poor (but beauteous) Gentlewoman, &c.*

Fair Mistresse,

**T**Hough I am not so wise to know how you will  
palliate my proposall, yet probability bids me  
believe you will not be angry with him that has  
projected a way for your profit: I saw you in a  
place the other day, and could not but pity you;  
and withall, curse these squint-ey'd Times; that  
expose so much beauty as you are mistresse of to  
so extreme penury: I know you doe not goe so poor  
on purpose to manifest your modesty, so that by you  
I perceive that glorious births (such as I am con-  
fident yours is) are made infamous by rags, and  
base births are made glorious by gorgeous appa-  
rell: if you shall please to hearken to my advice, I  
shall prescribe you a way how to become the Mi-  
stress of a better fortune than at present you are, I  
have a Master Squire D. by name, that will make  
you his Danae, and court you, like another Jupiter  
in a golden shower, provided you will but hold up  
your lap to receive it: doe not five hundred in this  
Towne thinke you (though with worse faces than  
yours) doe worse than this? no woman that bears  
a brave minde will refuse any thing that is good.  
Virtue (in this Age of ours) will not feed you, or  
cloathe you. Thus desiring your serious and sudden  
Answer by this Bearer, I commit you to your pro-  
fitable thoughts, and remain

Your devoted Servant.



*The Answer.*

Sir,

**B**Ut that I would not bring my own name in question, I would proclaim to the world what a fine persuasive Pimp you are; but Sir, you ought to know that I had rather lodge under a poor thatcht Roofe with honesty, than under carved Seelings as a Prostitute: I know the price of Ills too well, and what their confusions are in whom they inhabit; how soon Women are won to their ruine, and for a minutes pleasure eternally undoe themselves; though I am poor my honour is pretious, and it is a Devils consequent, that because we are Wanting, therefore we must be wicked. I cannot be carried away with a cast of manchets, a bottle of wine, and a custard: no, nor with a sattin gown, musick, coaches, and midnight revels: you have a leproous soule whoever you are, and deserve the gallows more than a myntherer, but I shall remember your name and trade, and tell the world accordingly. So wishing you a more honest heart, together with a more manly employment, I commit you to your crimes,

And am, &amp;c.

One Friend ingratiates another into the acquaintance of a third, &c.

1. Friend.

Sir,

**L**et me prefer this Gentleman unto your knowledge, he will deserve your notice.

2. Friend.

**I** Thank you dear Sir, no friend of your choice can deserve lesse.

1. Friend.

Sir,

I shall thank you for any friendship shown to him, as if it were done to my selfe,

2. Friend.

You may command me any thing. Sir, your humble servant: give me your hand. It is not my manner to use much Courtship, but I will promise to befriend you in all things that are in my power, and perform it too, Sir.

3. Friend.

Sir,

**I** Shall be happy to call my selfe, Your humblest Creature: your kinde proffer claims a just power over my belief.

SONG.

SONG VI.

*The willing Prisoner.*

[Tune is, *Bow Bells.*]

1.

When first my heart  
Felt Cupids dart,

I strove (but all in vain) its force to break ;

The blinde God laugh'd

And sent a shaft

To second t'other, thinking 'twas too weak ;

Then to earth I fell,

All mortals bow to mighty Love, & his most potent spell.

Now am I the Victors prize,

Being shackell'd with gold-crisped wires,

A slave unto two Sun-like eyes

Burnt up with invisible fires.

At once I am bound, and yet free too,

Mortal and immortal at once ;

I'm healthy and sound to see to,

Yet sickness has seized my bones.

2.

Oh gentle God !

Take off thy rod,

I yeild, and vow to serve thee all my daies ;

Temples Ile build,

And offerings yeild,

Penning peculiar Hymns unto thy praise ;

But be pleas'd great power

(bower

To send one Arrow tipt with gold from thy fair mothers

That

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

That may wound my *Amadine*,  
 Who's deaf unto all my laments,  
 Pierce her heart like unto mine  
 Untill the stern Goddess relents:  
 So shall I sing thy glory,  
 And mention thy praises each day,  
 While those that doe hear my story  
 Shall stoop to thy soveraign sway.

3.

Why *Cupid*, why  
 Dost thou not try  
 To tempt some Poet to restore thy eyes?  
 And with thy nature  
 To stretch thy stature,  
 Who art the strongest of the Deities.  
 Has not *Jove* by thee  
 Been thrown from heaven to earth to court mortality?

To behold thee *Phobus* turns  
 His coach in his fullest career;  
*Nephtis* in the water burns,  
 And *Pluto* is wounded with fear:  
 All creatures doe cringe to thy Quiver,  
 Beasts, Birds, and what *Theris* contains,  
 Who art the Olympical Driver;  
 No mortall can flie from thy traine.

4.

Then let us twine  
 Sweet *Amadine*,  
 Platonick Lovers we at first will seem,  
 But when that dies  
 Wee'l wantonize,  
 'Tis active love alone, that's worth esteem:

Wee'l

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

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Wee'l contract our blisse

(kisse.

Those other sweets that should wait on the tincture of a

Then shall others joyes increase,  
Renewing their youth with the day,  
When my flames thou shalt appease,  
And take this hot humour away.

Then like to Saints expiring  
Wee'l breathe our souls in each other,  
And having gain'd strength by retiring,  
Ile make thee (my dearest) a Mother.

---

**To a Rivall.**

*A complementall, yet threatning Letter.*

SIR,

**C**annot your friend purchase a little fire to  
thaw his appetite by, but must you that have  
been daily sing'd in the flame, be as greedy to be-  
guile him of it: how can this appear other than a  
piece of malice? if I endure this, you may ear-  
bore me for your slave, but you shal find my temper  
not so tame: as (perhaps) you imagine; for, since  
you neither savour of good breeding, nor bringing  
up, I am resolved to slice your hamstrings but I  
will make you show mannerly; my fire is not so hot  
that I need a screen before it, 'tis but newly kind-  
led; yet if it were risen to a flame, I should not  
suffer my best friend to stand before me: You are  
an intelligent man, and I need say no more, but  
that I am,

(If you think fit)

Your true Friend.

## The Answer.

SIR,

**I** Am sorry that you will needs ingrosse Hell to your self; Heaven forbid that you should not suffer a stranger to come in, the Devil himselfe is not so unmannerly: You thinke now, that I will beg an office there before you, and keep you out. Now God forgive you for your huge mistake, I am none of those gilded flies that will light upon such strange flesh; I may use Courtship, or so, but dare not thrust my hand into another mans fire: I have no minde to surfeit away my name and state in swinish riots, sleep away my youth, and awake a gray-bearded Beggar. Take your Toy to your self (Sir) never doubt that I shall attempt to supplant you, not but that if I had a will I durst stand your fury were you armed with thunder, and could manage an Oake like a Bull-rush. Thus Sir, I hope I have given you a plenary satisfaction as to your Scolopendra, you shall finde me upon all scores at your own appointment either for sincere friendship, or utter enmity,

And alwaies, &amp;c.

A short Courtship.

A Dialogue between two Lovers.

She.

**T**Ruly Sir, you think your self much a Master of my modesty, you would never give me such continuall cause to blush else; I could finde courage (I am confident) to chide you for it, but that I would not administer any cause that might justifie your departure from me. Where I have hope my prayers and innocence shall detain you till the full consummation of our loves.

He.

**I** Confesse I have more of Mars than Minerva in me, I never suckt the ayre of France, and therefore you must not expect fine language from me; yet I can tell you (With truth for Warrant) that he that hopes for better felicity in the other World, than what I enjoy in your blest society, must fast, pray, and live very severely to attain it.

She.

Sir,

I perceive that you willingly mistake, you make me proud with your similitude, but whilst that I gain by it, your inference is at a losse; but this is because you know you have as great a priviledge to injure me as to abuse your self.

He

He.

*Shall I be heard then when I speak, and be  
listned unto chearfully, that so I may recover my  
sick hopes by degrees ?*

She.

*I know you cannot lose your virtue (Sir) and  
then you may assure your selfe my courtesies will  
never fail ; if I should promise you more, your selfe  
would deem me too prodigall of that which in noble-  
nesse you cannot receive.*

## SONG VII.

*The forsaken Lover.*

[ Tune is, Frackin is fled away. ]

I.

**S**ince then thy vowes (false Mayd)  
Are blown to aye,  
And my poor heart betray'd  
to sad despaire ;  
Within some wildernesse  
I will my griefs expresse,  
And thy false-heartednesse,  
On cruell faire !

2.

Have I not grav'd thy love  
On every tree,  
In yonder verdant Grove,  
Though false to me :  
Was not a solemn oath  
Plighted betwixt us both ?  
Thou thy faith, and I my troth,  
Reall to be.

3.



3.

Some gloomie Nooke Ile finde,  
Some balefull Glade  
Where neither Sun nor Wind  
Ere entrance made:  
There will I curse that Fate  
Gave me so false a Mate,  
Then thou'lt repent too late  
(Disloyall Mayd.)

4.

Wilde fruits Ile make my meat,  
And drink the spring,  
The earth shall be my seat,  
For covering,  
Ile have the Starry-skie  
My corps to canopie,  
Till my soule from me flie  
To heavens King.

5.

No Grave doe I desire,  
Or Obsequies,  
No Groans or Funerall fire,  
No watry eyes:  
The courteous Red-breast, he  
With leaves will cover me,  
And sing my Elegie  
In Rutchfull wise.

6.

But when I soullesse am  
Ile visit thee,  
Thou most obdurate Dame,  
Whose cruelty  
Has slain the truest heart,  
Ere pierc'd by Cupids dart,  
Nor Death my love shall part,  
Nor Destiny.



*A Letter from one crafty Citizen to another concerning a fine buſiſſe.*

Mr. L.

**I** Have a taſke worthy the pregnancy of your ſpirit, an exerciſe for your pointed Wiſſ (wondrous in a Citizen) to worke upon; give me a man that even out of his recreations can cull advantages, that dives into ſeaſons, and never walks but thinks of ſomething tending to his profit: know then I but lately made a journey into Suffex, where I peruſed a fair Lordſhip belonging to one Mr. G. his Father, but newly dead, and himſelfe now in Town, and come on purpoſe hither to learn the faſhions of London; he is already become acquainted with ſome Heaſors of note, reſorts to Gaming aſwell as Bawdy Houſes: this young Novice lately bought ſome cleath of me, and my Wiſe being in the ſhop he tooke an occaſion to court her, and finding (as I had ſtrictly injoynd her) that he was not ſcorned, but rather courted both by her ſelf and me, he every day viſits my houſe, and I thinke will one day drown us all with good Sherry, in reward whereof, I am reſolved to murder his Eſtate, and ſtiſle his Right; there are means and wayes enough to hook in ſuch Gentry: you ſhall come acquainted with him, and while he is buſie about my Wiſe, I will be as buſie about his Lands.

To be a Cuckold is but for one life,  
When Land remains to me, my Heire, or Wife;

I will ingratiate you into his company, take sure notice of him, he is fresh and free, shift your selfe speedily into the shape of a Gallant, Ile swell your purse with Angels, keep foot by foot with him, outdare his expences, flatter Dice and Brothell to him, give him a sweet tast of sensuality, train him to every wastfull sinne that he may quickly need health, but especially money. Ravish him with a Dame or two, be his Band for once, I will be yours forever. Come to me anon in the Evening when we will confesse together about this weighty busynesse, till when and ever

Yours all over, &c.

---

*Exquisite Nonsense.*

Like to a Church with thirty Chimneys in't  
Or like the entrails of a Cabbage Mint  
Or like a Childe born both with Teeth and Beard  
Or like the green-blew Garter of a Lord  
Or like a Mayd with Childe that nere knew Man  
Or like the dancing of a Dripping-pan  
Or like a Man that Sings without a Tongue  
Or like two Adamants together clung  
Such, such is he that never had a Mother  
Yet boasts two Sisters and a younger Brother.

He.

Dear Mistresse,

**W**Hy will you lose so much time? those Lilies and Roses that Nature has planted in your blooming Cheek will one day fade and Withers, your odour and your pretious Colour must yeild to time.

She.

**T**He losse will not be much mourn'd for Sir, since it will very hardly be discerned.

He.

Sweetest, you remove your understanding a great distance from my words, and make that of no use which tends to perswade you to a present enjoyment of this pleasant treasure, while it lasts; Why are you still inclosed like an Anchorresse, and why doth your nicety barre your chamber door, when if the Priest were but payd for a few ceremonious words, I might be licensed to your bed and your besome too.

She.

Our marriage Sir, may promise all you can imagine, but till then you must give me leave not to admit of such opportunities, as may give breath to ill reports.

He.

Nay, be not angry (my Dearest) nor censure any thing I have spoken with an unkinde belief; hear but my vows.

She.

She.

Not now Sir, you have a greater power to raise my sorrow than my choller.

He.

Yet please to remember, that I have your heart; by a sacred plight, our wedding day is not now farre off.

She.

I shall never finde the way to break my faith, but till that hour you talke of is come, I shall desire that our converse may be more remote; you know how liable Lovers are to the lash of lewd tongues.

---

**A Complement.**

*One taking acquaintance of another, as his friends friend.*

1 Gent. I am bold to salute you Sir, you know not Mr. S.

2 Gent. Yes indeed Sir, most entirely Well; he is a Gentleman I am much obliged to for many favours: He is second to my besome.

1 Gent. I shall keep Christmasse with him, where your Health shall undoubtedly be remembered: I would sue for your name Sir.

2 Gent. Your suit shall end in one Term Sir, my name is B.

1 Gent. Kinde Mr. B. your deare acquaintance, I must needs present you with a glasse of sack.

2 Gent. Sir, Your servant; I shall retalliate your love.

## SONG VIII.

*The contemplative Lover.*

[Tune is, *She lay all naked in her bed.*]

I.

U Pon her couch *Marins* lay,  
A thousand *Cupids* by her,  
Like new-falne snow melting away  
While I stood wondring nigh her;

The baulmy incense of her breath  
Unto the rooffe ascended,  
Able to drive away grim Death  
With all his Train attended.

2.

Her flesh more pure, more white, more soft  
Than skins of *Bemins* are,  
Before by surly Hunters caught  
In a delusive snare;

Chaste as the rare Arabian Bird  
That wants a Sex to wooe,  
O grief for which I want a word,  
She ne're yet learn'd to doe.

3.

O that, that ice at length would melt  
That freezes up her veines,  
That as she's seen she might be felt,  
And knew a Lovers pains :

Poor pottage Flowers shut up th. ir leaves  
When Sol drives to the West,  
But Roses the Night-Dew receive,  
As that which pleases best,

4.

O open those celestiaall eyes  
That doe enlighten mine,  
Yet stay, their splendour will surprize,  
And scorch me with their shine :

Her fragrant breath doth claim that power  
By odoriferous art,  
It will transform me to a Flower  
Fashioned like a Heart.

---

*A Friend comforts a Widow, who weeps  
for the death of her Husband.*

*Friend. Save you sweet Widow, I suffer for your  
heaviness.*

*Widow. O Sir, I have lost the dearest Husband  
that ever woman did enjoy.*

*Friend. Yet let me tell you Widow, if all tongues  
speak,*

*ſpeak truth, he did not uſe you ſo well as a man ought.*

**Widow.** *Nay, that's true indeed, he never uſed me ſo well as a Woman might have been uſed, that's certain. Introok it has been our greateſt falling out, and though it be the part of a Widow to ſhew her ſelfe a Woman for her Husbands death, yet when I remember all his unkindneſſe, I cannot weep a ſtroak, and therefore wiſely did a great Widow in this Land comfort up another : Go too ( quoth ſhe ) leave blubbering, thou thinkeſt upon thy Husbands good parts when thou ſheedeſt teares, doe but remember how often he has layn from thee, and how many haughty ſlippy turns he has done thee, and thou wilt never weep for him I warrant thee. You would not thinke how this counſell has wrought upon me, ſo that I cannot ſpend one tear now if you would give me never ſo much.*

**Friend:** *Why I count you the Wiſer Widow, it ſhewes you have diſcretion, when you can check your paſſion ; Farewell ſweet Widow, may your threshold groan with the weight of approaching Lovers like Hops or Harlots.*

**Widow.**



Widow. How doe you mean? why doe you couple them?

Friend. O very aptly, for as the Hop well boyled will make a man not stand upon his legs, so the Harlot in time will leave a man no legs to stand upon.

Widow. You are a merry Gentleman; will you please to walke in and take what a Widows solitary Mansion shall exhibit.

Friend. Not now Widow: I must into London With all speed: another time I will come and dwell with you for two houres, so farewell blythe Widow.

Widow. Adieu sweet Sir.

---

*A Letter from a smug Youth to a lively Lasse.*

Sweet Thomazin,

**I**F your favour doe not pay my Ransome, I vow I must continue a Captive till death, though one comfort will be (in case you deny your ayde) my life will be of no lasting date, your looks have wounded me, and will kill me if Quarter be not given; but you are no Amazonian Lady to put on steely armes, and manage the sword and shield, though your head be hid den in a cambrick helmet, and therefore I shall hope that the softnesse of your

foule will not suffer you to become my Murthe-  
 resse : you are my Venus, make me your Anchy-  
 ses, my souls life and light. I protest by all things  
 sacred that my love to you is of such ardency, that  
 men that are newly list'd in some black conspiracy  
 that are in despair, or ( Which is worst of all ) in  
 want, doe enjoy more quiet sleeps than I doe. Your  
 Idea is alwaies before me ; to multiply your prai-  
 ses I know would rather win your anger than your  
 applause, though I would say ( With immaculate  
 truth for warrant ) that you are fairer then Hebe,  
 wiser than Pallas, and more continent than Pene-  
 lope, it is my unhappinesse to know that a creature  
 of such exquisite perfection live, and yet not to  
 know whether my loyall service may finde accepta-  
 tion ; you are the true Venus, ( Lady ) make me  
 your Priest, the office will become me. However  
 ( deare Cherubine ) let me not faile of an Answer  
 by this Bearer since I can live no longer then you  
 shall allow me to call my self,

Your voted Votary.

*Her Answer.*

Sir,

**T**He little experience I have hitherto had of you commands me to esteem you no lesse than a friend to vertue, but you doe ill to talke so passionately, and thinke so coolely, you men can play the Proteuses at pleasure, and (with the Chamelion) change your selves according to the colour you look on, be (seeming) Reallists here, and palpable Dissemblers in another place; this day devout Amorisists, to morrow sullen Stoicks; yet will I thank you for that love you make me believe you beare towards me, and what ever your heart is I shall not blush to tell you that I dare meet your love halfe way, provided it be honourable, and not glew'd to finisser cogitations: this Sir, you may believe and accordingly determine of me, who am

Yours in all civill respects, &amp;c.

---

*Two Lovers complement at parting.*

He. **L**Et me containe thee in my armes yet a little longer.

She. **I** would stay dearest G but you know what a severe hand my Father holds over me, if he should know we were together, it were as much as my liberty is worth.

He.

He. How sad and dismall does the farewell of true Lovers sound, why should my Destinies deny me thy enjoyment, when shall We meet again?

She. To morrow night at Mistress C. her house, Ile steale forth in the Evening, my absence will be but short, consider that, which will make our next meeting the more sweet and muscally.

He. Thou pretious Darling of my heart; doe not we two part like Birds, who when they see that the Sun forsakes the world, lay their little pensive heads beneath their wings, as if they would ease that weight which is added to their grief by his departure?

She. But when they see that bright perpetuall Travailer to return, they start up and sing their gratitude—— Faile not to morrow night.

He. Bid me to shun poyson, or not to refuse heaven were a Messenger sent from thence on purpose to proffer it me, one kisse and then farewell.

---

SONG IX.

*The Ravished Lover.*

[Tune is,] *Tell me ye wandering spirits of the ayre.*

1.

Tell me ye Angels of the highest sphere,  
Have you not seen my faire *Larissa* there?  
Has not great *Jove* to make his blisse more great  
Ravisht my Love unto his starry seat?  
If that a brighter than his Spouse you see,  
Or *Venus* self, or *Venus* self believe it, that is she:

2.

Search from the East unto the weeping West,  
And plunder *Flora* of her flowry vest,  
Search *Rheas* store, and *Thetis* wealthy womb,  
Ravish the Web from off *Arachnes* loome,  
If you one fairer farre than *Cynthia* see,  
O: *Hebe's* self, or *Hebe's* self believe it, that is she.

3.

When she was born old *Saturns* mighty Son  
Summon'd the Gods, who met him every one,  
Meaning to make a new *Pandora*, he  
Himself thus spake to every Deitie;  
Bestow (quoth he) on this rare silver Dove, (Love  
Each something that may make her more than Queen of

4.

This said, wing'd *Mercury* bestow'd his wit,  
*Phœbus* his skill, choice Songs and Odes to fit,  
*Venus* resign'd her beauties ('gainst her will)  
But *Pallas* freely did her sweets instill;  
*Juno* her state, and *Jove* to crown them all, (Ball.  
Confirm'd, confirm'd her the sole glory of this earthly

*Act 8 Sc 5.*  
 Let then no rude, prophane, or un-  
 Dare seize that Temple where her Altars stand  
 † down'd Lest that he yak't what Ajax found of more,  
 in the sea. When he disgrac'd Minerva's sacred Lore,  
 Her power is equall, if not farre beyond,  
 She can both heaven, she can both heaven and earth,  
 (and seas command.

6.

Let none be Priest unto thy hallow'd Shrine,  
 But I (dear Goddesse) hug no Love but mine,  
 So shall thy name not fear the teeth of Time,  
 Thy lasting Fame being guarded by my Rime.  
 And when together unto heaven we go,  
 There but one quarter, there but one quarter, thou shalt  
 (finde it so.

*James an Apprentice, with Jane his Ma-  
 sters Daughter in the darke.*

*Jane. I swear James I will wake my Father and  
 Mother if you offer these rude tricks; I  
 wonder how the candle went out.*

*James. Sweet Mistresse Jane, be not angry, I  
 scorn to offer you any incivility, but I hope  
 you will not be angry if I say I love you.*

*Jane. Love me little and love me long, you are  
 short of your time James; four years  
 yet to serve, think on that James.*

*James. I could serve four hundred years methinks  
 had I but hope to win your love at last, the  
 very.*

~~My~~ ~~My~~ ~~sight~~ of you dispells all sad thoughts  
~~My~~ ~~sight~~ ~~of~~ ~~you~~ ~~dispells~~ ~~all~~ ~~sad~~ ~~thoughts~~  
sights, and I am as free as the  
Ayre I breath in, while I can frequently  
gaze on that celestiall face of yours.

Jane. You have an English Expofitor in your box  
James, and therefore I doe not wonder  
that you talke so fluently: besides, you  
Write Verses now and then, I liked those  
wondrous well that you made of our  
boar-Cat that fell into the House-of-  
office.

James. I made one Copie to day at the request of  
a new married man, you know him I am  
sure Mistresse Jane, T. S. the Millener  
by the Stocks.

Jane. Let me hear them good James, he that puts  
a snaffle of Verses into my mouth may  
lead me ens where he list, I mean still in  
the way of honesty James.

James. I know that Mistresse Jane, the Verses  
are these:

A modest Wife is such a jewell,  
Every Goldsmith cannot show it;  
He that's honest and not cruell  
Is the likeliest man to owe it.

How doe you like them Mistresse Jane?

Jane. Now by my Maydenhead exceeding well;  
God bodykins we are undone: my Fa-  
ther knocks I swear.

James

James. One kisse deare Mistrisse Jane.

Jane. Take halfe a dozen but make no delay, you know my Father is a hasty man.

*A Letter to a Friend, desiring he would  
enter into Bond with him.*

My noble friend,

**T**He cordiall love which upon all occasions you have manifested, obliges me to think, that I shall not finde you backward in a businesse that so much concerns me: my occasions at this time are unspeakably pressing, so that if I doe not procure an hundred pounds by to morrow this time, my credit will receive a mortall wound, and my reputation be stabbed to the heart, you are a man whose estimation (and that worthily) is high in the hearts of all men, and whose very word were sufficient (though I should not suffer it did you proffer it) without bond or obligation to furnish me with such a summe, I shall onely desire your name with mine, and may Hell take me if I faile in the Premisses, thus begging your positive Answer by this Bearer, I rest and remain,

Yours infinitely obliged.



*The Answer.*

Worthy friend,

**Y**OU were pleased to mention a matter in your last Epistle, which I protest by all things sacred I would not meddle withall were it for the Redemption of my Heir out of the Turke's Gallies, enter into bond; I would as soon (with Empedocles) leap into Aetna, marke but this Note and you will not much blame my aversnesse; he that enters into Bond ought to imagine he Christens a Childe, and takes the Charge of it too: for as the one the bigger it growes the more cost it requires, so the other the longer it lies the more charge it puts you to, onely here is the difference, a Childe must be broke and a Bond must not; the more you break Children the more you keep them under, but the more you break Bonds the more they leap in your face. and therefore to conclude, I would never undertake to be Gossip to that Bond which I would not see well brought up,

For 'tis a truth, come better dayes or worse,  
So many Bonds abroad, so many Boys at nurse.

Therefore sweet friend excuse me; any thing but this; a small summe (either to lend or give you) is at your service, but this I neither can nor dare, so wishing you all felicity, I assure you that I am

Yours unfeignedly.

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

## SONG X.

*The conceited Lover.*

[Tune is, *Honours has Ayre, &c.*  
vulgarly,  
*Now the Tyrant has stollen, &c.*]

1.

Come my *Clarissa*  
Why art thou so shie?  
Why hast thou that face,  
That foot and that thigh,  
But to doe as thy Mother  
When she willingly lay,  
While thy Father did discover  
Loves beaten road way.]

2.

That beauty by Nature  
Was never ordain'd  
To be gaz'd at with wonder,  
But to be obtain'd.  
A pox of the feeble  
Platonicall way,  
Which none that were able  
Did ever obey.

3.

To sit and to simper  
Like soap-suds (in sooth)  
Dots argue nor wisdom,  
Not beauty, nor youth.  
To kisse the fair forehead,  
And sometimes the cheek,  
To me is most horrid  
That would doe and not speak.

4.

4.

I love to couple  
The genuine way,  
When both parties are supple  
Loves Rites to obey,  
Thus Babies are gotten  
With pleasure and ease,  
To live when we are rotten,  
But not wish a dis ease.

5.

Great *Plato* (like *Cato*)  
Kept a plump brown *Wench*,  
For he lov'd a *Belly*  
As well as a *Tench*;  
In the high *Street* at *Athens*  
By *Diana's* Temple  
The old Sage sung *Loves* *Mattens*,  
And wrote *Verses* for sample.

6.

And *Diogenes* selfe  
That fasted so much  
Was an old pockey *Elfe*,  
And of the *French* had a touch;  
His life was severe,  
For he took the *Diet*  
In that very \* *Tub* where  
On his *Koots* he did *Riot*.

\* now called  
*Cornelius Tub*  
by the mistake  
of some unlearned *Apothecaries*.

7.

7.

Then hang up the nicenesse  
 Of grey bearded fools,  
 The Tenents that we own  
 Were not known to the Schools:  
 Let the sowe men drink Whig  
 While we tippie N. & A.,  
 And dance the Paphian Jig  
 To a rare Curtain-Lecture.

8.

Come then let's dally  
 And daintily doe,  
 Though Routed we will Rally  
 In spight of the Foe,  
 And charge with Joynt motion,  
 Though not without losse,  
 Cupid's pleas'd with such a portion  
 While the blankets we toss.

9.

He that's kill saying Grace,  
 And nere falls to the meat,  
 Is at best but an Ass,  
 And deserves not to eat:  
 But were he as eager  
 After warm meat as I,  
 He'd not live so long Leager  
 Till his conscience cry, Fie.

10.

Then clip me *Clarissa*  
 While I thee inwine,  
 We'll be incorporated  
 Without Church-discipline,

And

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

45

And vouch our Reality  
Spotlesse and faire  
To any man of quality  
Except my Lord Mayor.

---

*A Letter of Complement to a Mayd or Widow, the Lover excusing himselfe that he met not according to promise, &c.*

Dear Mistresse,

**H**Ad I not a hope that your immaculate candour can whiten the swarthiest crime, I should chuse rather to sacrifice my life to incessant sorrow, and consequently to inevitable death, than adde to my guilt by apollogizing for a sin that cannot be remitted: by Loves Bow and Quiver, by Venus Shrine, nay by your faire selfe from whose bright eyes the blinde God fetches his Paphian fire, and whose sacred bosome is the true Temple of divine Love, I could not (though I indeavoured it with the hazard of my life) meet you according to promise, some lucklesse Planet (without doubt) had governance over that ominous day, I confesse it were but justice to cast me off as a thing not worthy your future notice, who have contemned (though not wilfully) such a happinesse as Kings would have been proud to purchase with the price of their Diadems; you may doom me to death, I have deserved it, and am so clogg'd with guilt that

that I have scarce confidence enough to beg your pardon, if any penance might expiate this black oversight, I should think you more than courteous in appointing me to Row upon the Thames for twelve Moneths, or to personate Iack Pudding upon the Ropes the whole term of time that makes up a Bartholomew-Fair: so that were I so much a Brute (as History makes Brutus to be) I should (undoubtedly) signe my owne Passe for the other World. Determine of me (dear Lady) out of hand, it is some happinesse (though a killing one) that the Malefactor is sensible of the worst that can happen. Thus begging your speedy Reply, I humbly take my leave, and remain

Your afflicted,  
but affectionate Servant.

*Her Answer.*

Sir,

**Y**OU doe very aptly imitate those Children, who having tyed strings about the legges of their Birds, sometimes suffer them to gain liberty to a great distance, but when they please twitch them home againe; there is no dallying with Loves Tools, his Arrows are sharply pointed, and apt to wound a wanton hand, can you think me so shallow to conceit that all the businesse in the world should have

have blockt up your way to one you affected with a cordiall regard, and what fine Powers you call to witnesse with you that this Tradition could not be vaded, a blinde Boyes Bow, a blunt Dart, and a leaden Shrine. Well Sir, you know what command you have over me, and that a slender excuse will serve where the injury is pardoned ere committed; all the penance I shall impose is this, that you afford me a visit at my Mansion to morrow in the morning about the houre of ten, where you shall finde

Your faithfull Friend.

---

*A complementall Dialogue betwixt a Shop-keeper and a Scholler.*

Scholler. *Are you busie Sir?*

Shop-keeper. *Never Sir to you, nor any of your Goat: I confesse I was but a dull slave before I conversed with Schollers, not worthy to tread upon the earth before. I fell in love with learning, and what fresh hopes it has put into me, I doe intend shortly to beggar all the bawdy Writers, especially him that wrote the Mock-Poeme of Hero and Leander; nay, I will build at my own charge an Hospitall, to which shall retire all diseased*

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*eased Opinions; and all halting Poets, as the venerable Humphrey Crowch, Laurence Price, and Sam. Smithson.*

**Scholler.** *Sir, ye are a man made up of ingenuity, very charitable, more piously inclined than Sir Paul Pindar, you are a true pattern for the City Sir.*

**Shop-keeper.** *Sir, I have been informed by Revelation (without the help of Arise Evans) that their shop-Books cannot save them.*

**Scholler.** *O Sir, much may be done by Manuscript, there is a kinde of Spell in bad paper, watrish inke, and worse sense.*

**Shop-keeper.** *The Muses favour me, as my intents are virtues, will ye be my Tutor Sir, I have read Greens Groats worth of Wit, the Spanish Rogue, the Authentick History of Amadis de Gaule, and Tullies Love written by the Master of Art.*

**Scholler.** *You are excellently well read, Sir, you are my friend, and a friend to all that professe good Letters.*

**Shop-keeper.** *Sir, you are very honest, and yet you have a kinde of modest fear to shew it, doe not darken your own worth with too much bashfulness, men of parts should proclaim themselves, the world will still remain,*



remain ignorant of their worth else.

Scholler. Sir, you almost make me blush as red as those stockings you wear, I think they are of Naples.

Shop-keeper. I thought you Schollers had known all things, you are beside your Text there, I must tell you; they are compounded I confesse of the finest wooll, and created in Iersey.

Scholler. Pardon my judgment Sir, We Schollers seldome use any other objects but our Books.

Shop-keeper. I doe confesse it Sir, provided alwaies they are Licens'd ones, and have some worthy hands set to them for probation.

Scholler. Sir, I must intreat your company to the Canary shop.

Shop-keeper. With all my heart Sir, I am of late become a great lover of sacke, and can make shift now and then to cut out a Copie of Verses, I can tell ye as simple as I stand here, not a bit of Prose sometimes will down with me, but let's away; Boy, have a vigilant care of my shop, the Times are dangerous, and if there come ever a Scholler in black let him speake with me, for my own part I doe begin to doat upon Books, and am very strangely

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taken with strange Verses, and howsoever we are all accounted dull-brain'd Asses by Gentlemen, yet there are those that merit renown for their parts and performances even amongst us Shop-keepers, witnesse Murford, Mercer, and Scot. I doe love a Scholler with my heart, for undoubtedly very marvailous things may be atchieved by Art, I have read something though I say it that should not: Why Sir, there are those Schollers in Town will tell you what is become of Horses and silver spoons, and will make Wenches dance naked to their beds, I had a Sister was served so; I am yet unmarried, and because some of our neighbours are said to be Cuckolds, I will never be married without the consent of some of these Schollers that know what will come of it. Please Sir, to lead the way.

Scholler. Nay, I shall wait on you Sir.

Shop-Keeper. Phœbus forbid it Sir, that were a fine jest I saith, let Learning lye behinde me, I have been better brought up than so Sir. Nay I know my postures I warrant you Sir, and have been drunke at Court more than twice in the dayes of old King Charles He assure you Sir.

Scholler.

Scholler. You will manifest what command you have over me Sir, I shall be obedient for once my capacious Citizen.

---

*To a Mayd in love with a young Man,  
but ashamed to shew it.*

Still will you languish ; see, here's pen and ink,  
Write to him ; let your heart and seale expresse  
Such marks, as on his very soule may sink

And shew y'are blest although with heavineffe :

May your Paper seem as fair

As your self when you appear,

May the Letters which you write

Look like black-eye-lids upon white,

And may your charmed Pen such fancies bring

(Being adorned with your Hand and Seale)

As if your Quill were pluckt from Cupids wing,

And so the riches of his soule may seale.

---

*A Letter to a false Friend, queintly  
quipping him.*

If I thought it could be possible to finde out that  
race of men that Pliny talks of, whose heads  
stand in their brest, who scarce can tell a smooth  
lie, because their hearts are joyned so near to their  
lips, I would instantly depart this Nation and  
travail to those Well-meaning men, there I should

forget the calumnies of deceitfull tongues, and no more remember that I once prized the amity of so false a man as thy self, happy are those soules that sit in the Elysian shades, who being freed from fleshly clogs, have so clear an understanding of each other, that there is no need of eares or tongues; words were first made to reveale our meaning, but by a strange inversion they now serve to conceale our intents. I have spelt your hollow heart Sir already by joyning three or four actions, but if those lent me no light, the reading of the whole Sentence gives me perfect assurance; you can no longer delude my sense Sir, your well-spoke wrongs are like hurtfull words writ in a gracefull hand, or a bloody sword sheathed up in velvet: so Wishing your conversion, or— I will not say confusion. I close all with this truth,

That I am for ever

lost to your love.

---

SONG

~~SONG~~ SONG X.

*The forsaken Virgin.*

[Tune is, *For in my freedom's all my joy.*]

I.

I Am a poor forsaken Mayd  
By a perfidious Youth betray'd,  
After so many oathes and vows.  
While Myrtle Garlands gyrt our browes  
Where shall I finde a place where I  
May weep my self away and die :  
Death's the best cure, Death's the best  
cure of misery.

2.

Come *Ophrus* with thy Lute and play me  
Thas very solitary, Ah me,  
Which for thy love thou didst compose  
When that thy heart-strings gave the close,  
A greater grief than thine have I  
Destroy'd by black disloyalty :  
Death's the best cure, &c.

3.

Come then ye pretty Nymphs and Faeries  
From your faire Meadows and your Daeries,  
Come *Venus* deck my sable pillow  
With blasted Myrtle and with Willow,  
Let the rude Satyrs shewt and crie  
'bout her that slights my Monodie :  
Come courteous Death, come courteous  
Death and end my misery.

D 3

4.

4.

O false unconstant rothlesse Lad,  
Will not my Murder make thee sad  
When swift report salutes thine eare,  
That I am layd upon the Bier,  
An ashey Victim unto thee?  
Here let me die and buried be:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

5.

Like cruell *Theseus* dost thou leave  
Thy courteous *Ariadne* so,  
Like perjur'd *Paris* wilt thou grieve  
\* *Enone*. \* Her that has shielded thee from woe,  
Here will I moan, and waile, and crie  
Till like a soul-lesse lump I lie:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

6.

While fervent love did fill each breast,  
Hast thou not oft these words exprest,  
Let heaven shewre vengeance on my head,  
And Joves dire Thunder strike me dead  
When ere I prove unkinde to thee;  
But these were spungie Vowes I see:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

7.

My Ghost will tell sad tales below,  
And let all loyall Lovers know  
That here such monstrous men there are  
Whom the griev'd earth does sweat to beare  
False perjur'd and unkinde like thee:  
Come courteous death, &c.

8.

If there be just vindictive Powers  
Residing in the heavenly Towers,  
If there's a Righteous Providence  
Which but to doubt were insolence,  
Worthy those plagues belong to thee,  
Then look for punishment for me:  
Come courteous death, &c.

9.

Mean time (as dying people doe)  
He prophesie what shall ensue  
This wicked impious change of thine,  
Not caus'd by beauty, coine, or wine,  
But by thy own inconstancy  
Which by the Gods chastis'd shall be:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

10.

Thou of thy *Helen* now hast joy,  
But shalt taste woes like him of *Troy*,  
When thy light heel'd and gayrish Bride  
Shall love another man beside,  
Then (all too late) thou'lt think on me,  
And I will laugh below at thee:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

11.

My Ghost shall triumph in thy Fare,  
And in those pleasant shades of blisse  
Where each true Lover clips his Mate,  
(A happinesse I'm sure to misse)  
He clap thy fall when thou shalt be  
Rivell'd with meagre grief like me:  
Come courteous Death, &c.

D 4

And

12.

And now methin' s I feel kinde Death  
 Reaching his hand to stop my breath,  
 Thrice welcome thou best friend to those  
 Whose fierce Fate makes 'um their own Foes,  
 Thy dulcid Dart oh let me try,  
 And passe to immortality.  
 Come courteous Death. &c.

13.

But when my Soul has gain'd the Poles  
 Journying to the Judge of Souls,  
 If that my body finde a grave,  
 This Epiraph oh let me have,  
*Benca h this stone a Mayd does lie  
 Murder'd by Loves inconstancy.*  
 Come couiteous Death, &c.

**A Complement from a Stranger,** directed to the Lady or Mistresse of the house upon his entrance.

**Gentleman.** *Are you that beauty (Lady) whose lustre gives light to this methodicall mansion?*

**Gentlewoman.** *Sir, you have given my face a more speciall regard by your good language than these black brows can merit.*

**Gentleman.** *You are pleased to set a triviall rate upon your selfe; you are Wondrous faire— you have a very moving lip.*

**Gentlew.**



Gentlewoman. Prove it again Sir ; all the poor means I have left to be thought gratefull is but a kisse or two, and ye may reap them Sir.

Gentleman. Tis still the same, you weare Divinity about you, another kifs will make me immortall— How farre may ye hold the time to be spent Lady ?

Gentlewoman. Tis now Sir about the time when Mortalls whet their knives, some on thresholds, others on bricks, and some on the soles of their shoes.

Gentleman. You are very Metaphoricall, Madam ; you mean it is almost Dinner-time, if it might be without the trouble of your house, I would stay till your Husband comes, I have some earnest businesse with him.

Gentlewoman. I shall be proud of your society Sir, I beseech you stay Dinner, a piece of Beef Sir, and a cold Capon.

Gentleman. I have greater businesse then eating ; but am truly happy in having your commission to wait your Husbands approach.

---

The end of the first Book.



THE  
ACADEMY  
OF  
PLEASURE.

---

The second Book.

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Printed in the Year, 1656.





# *The Academy of Pleasure.*

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## The second Book.

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### SONG I.

#### *The eloquent Lover.*

[ Tune is, *Prithee die and set me free, or else be, &c.* ]

y.  
**P**rithee why must we no more,  
 As before,  
 Venus and her son adore?  
 Prithee why has that faire front  
 Clouds upon't?  
 Prithee be as thou wert wont,  
 Lovers ever should persevere,  
 Frank and free,  
Frank and free, but dogged never.

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2.

Prithee (Deare) no more expresse  
 (By thy Dresse)  
 Such a killing sullennesse,  
 Prithee (Sweet) unfold thy beams  
 Whence there streams  
 Beaureous and celestiall gleams,  
 Tell me how I have displeas'd thee,  
 Ile not cease,  
 Ile not cease till I've appeas'd thee.

3.

O speak (my Goddesse) else I die,  
 Murther'd by  
 Those sharp poniards in thy eye;  
 Speak, or else I faint away  
 With dismay,  
 I have no businesse bids me stay  
 Here on earth save to implore thee,  
 And to cringe,  
 And to cringe to all adore thee.

4.

Come, lets walk to yonder Grove  
 Where our love  
 Every plant that's there will prove  
 Where thy most delicious name  
 To thy fame,  
 I have engrav'd the wildest Wolves to tame,  
 At thy name (as is their duty)  
 They doe bow,  
They doe bow unto thy beaurty.

5.

Sylvanus and his shaggy crew  
 When they view  
 Thy lustre yeild all veneration due,  
 When we last time sported there  
 Thou didst fear  
 Lest some wilde beast should draw neer,  
 Did not beasts and Sarys pay thee  
 Fealties,  
 Fealties proud to obey thee.

6.

Did not Panthers creep to greet  
 Thy fair feet,  
 Seeming humbly to intreat,  
 And the Genius of the place  
 Smoothe his face,  
 Hoping to obtain thy grace  
 While his train with flowers did strow thee  
 To make known,  
 To make known what love they owe thee,

7.

Din not cold Diana strain  
 To obtain  
 (With her Arrow-loving Train)  
 That thou should'st have equall sway  
 Night and day  
 With her whom all the shady woods obey,  
 But oh thy goodnesse nere flew higher  
 Than that time,  
 Than that time thou didst deny her.

8.

Thou wert born (my dearest Love)  
 To approve  
 What the plyant Graces move  
 When they lead thee to the sport  
 In such sort  
 As if *Jove* should thank thee for't,  
 Foolish niceneſſe does betray thee  
 Unto age,  
 Unto age that will decay thee.

9.

When thoſe Roſes ſhall in ſcorn  
 Not adorn  
 Thy cheeks now ruddier than the Moone,  
 When ſhe leaps from *Tysons* bed  
 Wearied  
 As ſh' had been but ill beſeared,  
 When thoſe haireſ that now are brighter  
 Than the gold,  
 Than the gold with age grow whiter.

10.

Then ſurrounded with deſpair  
 And baſh care,  
 Thou wilt ſigh, *I have been fair,*  
 And wiſh that thou hadſt been more free  
 Unto me  
 Who ſuffer by thy cruelty,  
 And doe finde thou doſt but quibble  
 With my pain,  
 Thy heart being ſmooth, but hard as pibble.

The



The Master being angry that his Apprentice makes love to his Daughter, thus schools him.

Master. *Syrrah, you shall know that you are my servant, my Apprentice bound and in-rolled, though I have often intrusted thee with all I am master of at home and abroad, yet I doe not remember that I ever gave my consent that thou shouldst court my Daughter, and just in the nick of time too, when she is on the very Prick of Preferment as they say, When I had found out a wealthy Husband for her, but I shall break the neck of your designe, and marre your matter of Matrimony.*

Serv. *Sir, I acknowledge my self your creature, a thing that is wholly at your disposal. yet give me leave to say, that I have not been carelesse of that which concerns your profit, nor have I lavished and wasted your stock by my unthriftinesse, I never wore your gains upon my back, or exhausted your treasure by my riots, but for your Daughter if her love have the least relation to me I shall not endeavour to stop it, though I were sure to be*

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be broken upon the. wheele in case I neglected it, nor indeed am I able to frown upon her fair wishes, whose love I durst own to the teeth of torture, nor will you ( I hope ) have a thought of matching her to that lame piece of Letchery—

**Master.** *Tis very well, I shall receive instructions from you to whom I shall wed my Daughter, but I shall discharge your Wisdome from any such imployment ; I doe here discharge you my house, take your own liberty, and when I know not where to finde a Son-in-Law I will send for you ; Begone Sir, I doe freely free you my service, you are your own master now, but shall never be my Daughters Husband.*

---

*Thanks for a Welcome.*

**F**Or your good looks, and for your clarrer,  
 For often bidding, Doe not spare it,  
 For tossing glasses to the top,  
 And after sucking of a drop,  
 When scarce a drop was left behinde,  
 Or that which nick-names Wine, even winde,  
 For healethy mirth, and lusty sherry,  
 Such as made old *Cato* merry,  
 Such are our thanks that you may have  
 In blood the clarrer which you gave,  
 And in your service shall be spent  
 The Spirits which your sack hath lent.

SONG II.

*The flattering Lover.*

[Tune is, *Prince Ruperts March.*]

1.

NAY Dearest doe not leave  
Him that so much does adore thee;  
Whose life has its dependance on thy smile;  
Why shouldst thou make him grieve  
Who on his knees does implore thee  
To let him live thy servant for a while:  
Can such Sweet beauty  
Be deaf to complaint,  
And despise the duty  
Done to his Saint;  
Forbid it gentle Boy, thy dart  
Can cure this dire anoy that thus  
Excruciates my heart.

2.

Those eyes of thine speak love,  
Why then should my hopes be frustrate  
That are upon an honest Basis built?  
Would thou have my fancy rove  
Thy exquisite parts to illustrate  
Untill the sacred Muses blood be spilt.  
He storm the mountain  
Untill I come neer  
The holy Fountain  
And drink'r off sheer,  
That not one Rhiming whelp  
From *Hypocrene* least help  
Shall have  
His flie-blown skill to save;

3.

Ile fix thy glorious name  
 If that thou wilt command it  
 With curious art and industry upon  
 The lips of thundring Fame,  
 Nor shall strong Time withstand it,  
 Bathing myself in happy Helicon ;  
 All former beauties  
 Shall stoop to thee,  
 As is their duties  
 Swearing Fealty ;  
 Thy shrine Ile deck with gems  
 Of price,  
 Which she that rules the Thames  
 Shall throw up in a trice.

---

Two faithfull Lovers complement ;  
 each other meeting accidentally.

She. *Sweet, &c. Welcome, not Dido was more  
 joyfull when Aeneas landed on the Car-  
 thaginian shore than I am to meet thee  
 thus happily.*

He. *Thrice blessed be that kinde Fate, which  
 conducted me to this place, where I have  
 the sight of her who is the sole comfort  
 that I have on earth.*

She. *You may see how much Fortune is our friend.*

He. *Thy say that Fortune is onely courteous to  
 Coxcombs.*

She.

She. By that rule (my Dear) you should not be overwise.

He. Nay, sometimes the flie Goddess affords a glance, or so even to those that are meriting, but that it is very seldome, and at best but to show her mutability, not that she a friend to worth—What sayes my Dear unto that faithfull love which I have ever fervently profest.

She. I shall not dissemble, though I blush to acknowledge it; that very blind Boy who has wounded you, has also lodged an Arrow in my brest, I love you dearly; and may those Powers who govern all things terrestriall, grant not onely the fruition, but the felicity that all loyall Lovers merit.

He. You make me happy above humane thought, my brest is too narrow to comprehend those numerous joyes that throng about my heart.

She. My Father you know Will doe his utmost to hinder what God and Nature I hope has decreed, I mean, he will use all the stratagems that can be imagined to dissolve this sacred Union; he swears I shall marry a man of wealth, and of his chusing, or he will not own me for his Childe, but I scorn Mammon and his mincs,

mines, the goods of the minde are the things that I prize, yet I would have you use your utmost skill (if it be possible) to obtain my Fathers consent.

*He.* I shall be guided by thee, my Faire one, were the venture more perilsous than that of Jason for the Golden Fleece, thou art my chaste Medea, and being armed with thy oraculous counsell, I shall not feare to force my way though opposed by millions of dangers.

*She.* Thanks my gentle Love; but lest that my Father (whose jealous head is haunted with more doubts than Argus was furnished with eyes) should suspect our conference, I will presently leave you, Farewell dearest friend untill our next meeting.

*He.* Adieu my love, let the fairest Fortune attend thee, I will resort to your Father to morrow to implore his consent, I have a hope to prevail upon him.

SONG III.

A Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne.

- Strephon. **C**ome my Daphne, come away  
 We doe waste the cryftall day:  
 'Tis Strephon calls. Daph. What would my love?
- Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,  
 Where Venus shall prepare,  
 New Chaplers for thy haire.
- Daph. Were I shut up within a tree,  
 I'd rend my bark to follow thee.
- Streph. My Shepherdesse make hafte,  
 The Minutes flie too fast;  
 In these cooler shades we'll lye  
 Blinde as Cupid kifs'd thine eye,  
 On thy bosome will I stay. (way?)
- Daph. In fuch warm fnow who would not lofe his

CHORUS, Strephon, Daphne, together.

Wee'l laugh and leave this world behind,  
 And Gods that fee  
 Shall envy thee and me,  
 But never finde fuch joy  
 When we embrace a Deitie.

## POESIES for Bracelets.

He that sent this is faster bound  
Then what about thy wrist is wound.

When you put on this little band  
Then think (my Dear) I kisse your hand.

Go, keep that hand from *Cupid* free  
Till *Hymen* link her heart to me.

When this silk T wist  
Adorns thy wrist,  
Let us two twine  
My Cherubine.

*On a Neck lace.*

Here he hangs alive in chains  
Who late was slain with lingring pains.

*Cupid* take heed (by me beware)  
How thou art taken in this snare,  
For Love himself if he flie neer  
Is sure to be intangled here.

*On a Gyrdle.*

While that thou dost her waste imbrace  
Be sure keep others from the place,  
Nor can thy duty be orepast  
Untill my arme ingyrt her waste.



## A Letter to a friend with money.

Dear Friend,

**I** Am sorry that you should be exposed to so much penury, as to want so small a summe as — shillings, and good faith my condition was never so tattered as it is now, but I have sent you the money; I would beg of you to take some settled course, you have a good wit, and must stirre in the world if you wish for a prosperous condition: but howsoever you are crossed by Fortune, you have a retiring place: come home to me, and be as welcome as my own soule, but be a good Husband as I am, which is to say, wear ordinary cloathes, eat the best meat, and drink the best drinke; I know this doctrine is not disgustfull to you. Let me see you as soon as may be, for assure your selfe, there is no man more entirely affects you than

Your true friend.

*On a Blister on a Gentlewomans lip.*

**C**Hide not thy sprouting lip, nor kill  
 The juicy bloom with bashfull skill;  
 Know, it is an amorous dew  
 That swells to court thy corall hue,  
 And what a blemish you esteeme  
 To others eyes a pearl may seem,  
 Whose wary growth is not above  
 The thirky fixe that pearls doe love,  
 And doth so well become that part  
 That chance may seem a secret art.  
 Does any Judge that face more faire  
 Whose tender skin a mole doth beare,  
 Or else that eye a finer net  
 Whose glasse is ring'd about with jet?  
 Are apples thought more sound and sweet  
 When honey-specks and red doe meet,  
 Or will a Diamond shine more clear  
 If in the midst a foile appear?  
 Then is your lip made fairer by  
 Such sweetnesse of deformity.  
 The Nectar which men strive to sip  
 Springs like a well upon your lip;  
 Nor doth that show immodesty,  
 But overflowing chastity,  
 And who will blame the fruitfull trees  
 When too much sap or gum be sees?  
 Here Nature from her store doth send  
 Onely what other parts can lend:  
 If lovely buds ascend so hie,  
 The root below cannot be drie.

A Dialogue between Will and Jone.

Will. Come Jone, we are toward marriage, let us talke of that will doe us good, what will thy Gram give us towards House-keeping?

Jone. Marry two plateens, a pot and a pan, two dishes and as many spoons, a sheet and two flannett blankets.

Will. This pretty well indeed la, let me see: We must be askt in the Market place next Tuesday, and weel be married presently.

Jone. I-faith my honey sweet Combe, I love thee, weel have a whole noise of Fiddlers, though I pawn my petticoate for't; come Will, let us this in home, weel make a bag-pudding to supper.

Will. Come away Cuck.

---

E 2

SONG.

## SONG III.

## A Tavern Rant.

[Tune is, Stay front the gate, &amp;c.]

I.

STay noble hearts,  
T'other quart, what dull Fate is this  
That parts

Our communion?

But just now we were

Resolv'd to stay here

Till Phœbus dissolved our union,

Is he gone to tipples (Boyes) and shall we choak here?

Is he hemm'd with vapour, and shall we not smoke here?

Here 3 quarts not touche yee that we have be-poke here.

2.

Boy, fill the glasse,

Here's a health to each man here

And his casse;

Fill't up higher,

Or give me a Bowle

(For I'm thirsty at soule)

Whose top to the roof may aspire.

(Boys,

Theres no harm in good sherry, good faith none at all

It raises us up again, though we doe fall boyes,

And makes ev'n a Pigmeay Gygantick and tall boyes.

3.

See, Bacchus pleads

That your light Beavers,

And your heavier heads

Might be parted,

Bring Chaplets of Flowers

For those Temples of ours,

He's a Coxcomb that needs will be carted.

Boy, bid all our Hackney-men drive from the door,

But before they have sack enough though on the score,

Though they suck up more seas than would swallow the

(shore.

4.

See, now we are  
Oblig'd alike

To prosecute the warre,

Our ships burned,

We must now fight it out,

For if they give us the rout

On a hard bench each Heroe is urned.

Let's break through their ranks (the Foe sparks & smiles)

And be the sole Lords of the Canary Isles,

Inrich with Rubie-faces, Joves Sons richest spoils.

5.

Now we are glorious,

And shall prove

(In spight of Fate) victorious,

Charge agen,

The half-emptied Cask

Shall prove that our task

Had halted by half-witted-men.

(in,

Though the Foe have strong Rampires he trembles with

If we storm but his out-works hee'l ne'r turn agen,

Yet in taking him Prisoner much danger we win.

6.

But ere the skie

Be painted

With *Aurora's* saffron die

Home wee'l march boyes

And there in our beds

Clap new Helms on our heads, (boyes)

Though our faces we fashion with starch

For he is the onely true genuine Good-fellow,

Who though sometimes Bowzie and thorowly mellow,

Will let no body know that he sees green or yellow.

A wealthy Clown courting a witty  
Gentlewoman.

He. *Mistresse E. God speed you.*

She. *That's more than I need at this time, for I am doing nothing Sir.*

He. *I were as good say a good word as a bad: but if you will have it more complementally as they say, than thus, How does your faire and besuteous worship?*

She. *Sir; tis more wisdom to say nothing at all than to speak to no purpose.*

He. *My purpose is to wive you.*

She. *Very good; but I have a purpose too Sir, and that is never to wed you.*

He. *Belike you are in love with somebody else.*

She. *No, but I am lastly promised.*

He. *Make me your Worships man, I can doe many things I can tell you, else there are lies abroad. I have heard very well of you Mistresse E, and so has my Father, who has sent me a wooing to you: nay, and I have a Cople of Verses (cost me six pence, and a double jag of Mother Red-Caps Ale) made by our Vicar, I have been conning them this four long houres by the clock, you shall heare me read them.*

She.

She. *I for Phœbus sake Sir, I love good Verses  
as I love good meat or witty company.*

He. *First I doe beg your Worships good relief,  
( For I intend to show my minde in brief )  
I call to you if that you can afford it,  
I care not at what price, for on my word it  
Shall be repayd again although it cost me  
More than Ile speak of now, for Love hath  
In furious blanket like a Tennis ball, (cost me  
And now I rise aloft, and now I fall,  
Thus doe I still continue without rest  
I'th' Morning like a Man, at Night a Beast,  
Roaring and bellowing my own disquiet,  
That much I fear forsaking of my diet.*

*How does your beaustome Warship like  
our Vicars Verses?*

She. *O rarely Well! By the soul of Martin Parker  
your Vicar has an ingenious Soull; I am  
mightily taken I confesse with your Poe-  
ry: but say I should set my affections  
upon you, how will you maintain me?*

He. *Marry with my land and living my Father  
hath promised me.*

She. *I have heard much of your wealth, but I  
never knew your manners before now.*

He. *I have no Manours, but a pretty Homestall.  
and We have good store of Oxen and  
Horses,*

# The Academy of Pleasure.

Horses, and Carts, and Plowes, and household-stuffe bomination, and great flocks of Sheep, and flocks of Geese, and Capons, and Hens, and Ducks: Oh we have a fine yard of Pullen, and thanke God here is fine weather for my Fathers Lambs.

She. I cannot live content in the midst of discontent, for as it is impossible for that musick to delight the eare where all the parts of discord come to composition, so the marriage life will still consist of jars where there is no sympathy in the condition of the wedded Parties. Pray Sir, rest your selfe contented with this Answer, I cannot love you.

He. I, tis no matter what you say, my Father told me thus much before I came that you would be something nice at first, but he bad me like you never the worse for that, I were the liker to speed.

She. You were best then leave off your suit till some other time, and when my leisure shall serve me to love you Ile send for you.

He. I shall be sure to pay the Messenger, and so I take my leave of your beautifull Worshipp.

An



*An Invitation to Mirth.*

**H**E that's contented lives for aye,  
The more he laughs the more he may,  
Nere meets with Aches in the bone,  
Of Catharres, or griping Stone,  
Or lingringly his Lungs consumes  
Into Feavers, Gouts, or Rhumes,  
Never he his body brings,  
Cause he ever laughs and sings,  
He that would his body keep  
From Diseases must not weep,  
Let each man keep his heart at ease,  
No man dies of that disease,  
Tis Mirth that fills the veins with blood  
More than wine, or sleep, or food.

**S O N G I V.**

*The Convert.*

[Tune is, *For now the Butter-boxes begin*  
*for so v. pour, &c.*]

I.

**C**ome sweet *Clarinda*  
My joy and my life,  
I have left the Whore *Dulcinda*  
And thou shalt be my Wife,

For now I finde the folly of quaffing and whoring  
That ends in confusion and horrible woe,  
He have no more drinking, nor drabbing, no. scoring,  
That dries up the body, and dams the soule too.

B 5

3.

I have been in Venice  
 Amongst the brave Lasses  
 In Madrid, in Paris, and Padua too  
 Have had conversation,  
 With wise men and Asses,  
 With the raffery peticoeat and Coventry blew,  
 Yet all's done 'tis madnesse  
 And grief and despair  
 That ends in confusion and horrible woe,  
 Their black gloomy prisons  
 With outsidcs most faire  
 That drie up the body, and damn the soul too.

3.  
 Come then fair Temperance,  
 True Image of heaven,  
 Thee will I worship  
 Immaculate Mayd,  
 By thy bright selfe  
 Alone Ile be shriven  
 For cursed *Accrasia*  
 Too long I've obtyd,  
 Ile now (with *Dioclesian*)  
 Plant herbs and sweet flowers,  
 And think my self greater  
 Than *Spaine's* mighty King,  
 And sing ore the Song  
 Of the witty *Ephesian*  
 Unto a Kyequall  
 With *Flaccus* fine Ring.

4.  
 What is the Camp,  
 But a company of Cowards?  
 What is the City,  
 But a Family of Fools?  
 What is the Court,  
 But a huge hive of Hornets,  
 Moles, Mad-men and Mercenaries,  
 Monsters and Mules?  
 Thrice happy is the Hermit  
 In woods that converses,  
 And lives on what Nature  
 Affords without toyle,  
 And sings his Makers praise  
 In Theological Verses,  
 Free from the Citty  
 The Camp or Court coile.

---

*A Letter to a Mayd or Widow.*

Lady,

**I**N your stern beauty I can plainly see  
 Those wonders that in Aetna be,  
 If coales out of that Mountains top doe flye,  
 Consuming flames gush from your eye;  
 If frost doe there lie on the ground below,  
 Your breast is white and cold as snow;  
 Those fiery sparks that set my heart on fire;  
 Refuse to melt your own desire,  
 The frost that doth binde up your chilly breast  
 With double fire has me oppress:  
 Just so the beaueh his proper flame withstand,  
 When ice it self heats others hand.

[ A Lover that would be, finding his  
Mistresse alone, thus courts her.

He. Save you sweet Mistresse, How comes it to  
passe that you are alone?

She. Because Sir, I desire no other company but  
my own.

He. Would I were your own then, that I might  
keep you company.

She. O Sir, you and he that is my own are farre  
asunder.

He. But if you please you may be nearer.

She. That cannot be mine own is nearer than my  
self, and yet alas I cannot call my self my  
own; thoughts, fears, and despairs are  
onely mine, and those doe keep me com-  
pany.

He. I must confesse your Father is too cruell to  
keep you thus in a manner sequestred  
from the World, to spend your prime of  
youth in obscurity, seeking to wed you to  
a very Foole. that knowes not how to use  
himself, but could my deserts be answer-  
able to my desires, I swear by all things  
powerfull that my heart could wish no  
higher happinesse than to be graced with  
your love, I cannot play the dissembler  
as some doe, nor hang my love at my  
tongues end.

She.

She. Sir, I shall consider of your suit.

He. Doe, and make me eternally happy:

A Marriage Song.

1.

**R**emember (Bridegroom) as thy Bride is faire  
How many Nights of care

Waited thy honest lust,

Thy timorous distrust,

Thy conflict in the question now recall

Her easie threats, thy easie tears and all

That amorous Rory

Which made thee glad and sorry,

How the flie Mayd

At sundry times betrayd,

And oft denyde her Mistresse now at last

When thou hast liberty thy joyes to tast

Thou canst not put off wishing, but must woe

For kisses while thou kill'st; tie her shoe

As glad to see it slack, and feare to lose

Makes thee embrace her with a stronger close.

2.

On to the Church, let Hymen passe before,

Sing mirthfull Pæans: *To ore & ore.*

The Spring (to save me Poetry)

Has spread with curious industry

The way with Violets where she must tread

Fetcht from *Flora's* fragrant bed,

Else would a birth Band up commanded by

One touch of hers though Nature knew not why,

Perfumes upon her lips the Graces scatter,

Her lips which nor her Mayd nor Glasse can flatter.

Now bathe thy soule in blisses

And melt thy selfe in kisses:

She will return thee love for love Ile warrant,

And bring thee every year an Heir apparant.

## Ralph courts Maudlin.

Ralph. Faith I ha been in a fair taking for you, a bots on you, for tother day after I had seen you, my belly began to rumble; What's the matter thought I? with that I bethought my self, and the sweet comportance of that same sweet round face of thine: out went I, and I'le be sworn was never so taken, for I was faine to cut all my points; and dost heare Maudlin, if thou dost not grant me thy good will, in the way of marriage, first and foremost I'le run out of my cloathes, and then out of my Wits for thee.

Maudlin. Nay Ralph, I would be loath you should doe so for me.

Ralph. Will you looke merrily on me and loue then?

Maudlin. Faith I care not greatly if I doe.

Ralph. Care not greatly if I doe! What an Answer that? If thou wilt say, I Maudlin take thee Ralph to my spruce Husband.

Maudlin. Why so I will, but we must be cryde at the Market-Crosse, and haue more company for witnesses first.

Ralph. Nay, we will not want for company.

Maudlin. Why then here's my hand.

Ralph.

Ralph. And here's a kisse, I long to be in bed with  
thee my swete morsell of Mayds flesh.

### A Letter from a Batchelour or Widower to the Maid or Widow that he is fare to.

My Dear, dear,

**S**ince the heavens have so much favoured me  
that your constant walks hand in hand with the  
serious proposals of my lawfull love, I cannot but  
expresse those joyes that crowd about my heart, and  
tell you that as I was never happy till now, so I  
shall never finde any felicity but in your blessed  
company, who are more to me than the Mines of  
Mexico or Peru, your face affording the fulnesse of  
beauty, your body the summum of all blisse, and  
your bosome the basis of all perfection, and rest con-  
fident that the Sun shall sooner shine without af-  
fording either heat or light, the Sea cease ebbing  
and flowing, and the Earth be void of Inhabitants  
ere my firm fixed affection fall from that bright  
Zenyth where my cordiall zeale has placed it; I  
am providing as fast as may be for the Solemniza-  
tion of our Hymeneall Rites, my true love gives  
Wings unto my haste, for I long to fold thee in my  
armes, and to lose my lusty youth in thy imbraces  
who art my light and life, and to whom I shall ever  
prove myself

Sincerely affectionate.

## Her Answer.

Sweet Friend,

**I** Kindly thanks you for your last Letter, and thinke my selfe the happiest she in the World who have the sincere and unbyassed affection of a man so accomplished as your selfe: nor shall I faile to requite your cordiality with the return of a true and unfeigned zeale, my heart is wholly yours, you sit as sole soveraigne there, and command each thought ere I can call it mine: my subjugation to you is (in my opinion) the most immense tranquility that can possibly wait on Mortality; command me (deare Friend) as soon as you please, for the griping Miser is not more desirous of Mammon, or the hungry man of meat, than I am to proest at all I call mine to your commands, to whom I shall ever manifest my selfe.

A loyall Lover.



*A new Letanie.*

From a Nose that ne'r met Fox,  
And from a Sword that ne'r struck blow,  
From a Red-breech to make a show  
With one Copper-lace or two,  
From a Belt of leather enough  
Hung with Tobacco-pipes to puffe,  
And from a Brawle to take in snuffe.

*Libera nos Domine.*

From a new Hat without a Band,  
From an Heyre that has no Land,  
From a face at *Plymouth* tand,  
From him that wears a Feather in's Cap,  
With new white Boots without a Top,  
And payd for too by wondrous hap,  
With a painted Quesan upon his lap.

*Libera nos &c.*

From a new Beard with Dogs-turd trimd,  
With a new Love-lock, lac'd and limbd,  
From a new favour snatcht or nimd,  
From him that walks as if he swimd.

*Libera nos Domine.*

The Lover being out of hope ever to gain  
his Mistress's affection, thus takes his  
farewell of her by Letter.

*Dis-courteous Dame,*

**H**E that first folded his armes, lookt pale,  
walks disconsolately, and sigh'd his sor-  
rows in a pensive tone, was he that first taught  
Women how to be cruell and relentlesse; most  
inexorable Woman! have I so long courted thee  
With all the reality of serious love? have I lickt  
thy Spittle from the earth, and prostrated my selfe  
at thy feet as thy foot-stool, offering up more pray-  
ers at thy Shrine than in the Temple, and will no-  
thing mollifie thy obdurate heart? What excuse  
canst thou make for such contemptuous scorn? am  
I another Hyponax, or mis-shapen Thyrsis? or  
has Time yet stamp't the Characters of Age upon  
my brow? or is my estate so mean that I cannot  
maintain thee in more pomp than thy pride can  
dictate? if none of these can be charg'd upon me,  
let the World judge of thy Wisdom; for me, I  
have found my error, and will appoint my self the  
strictest penance: in the mean time I gaze upon  
my quondam absurdities (in reference to thee)  
as prodigies that predict'd ruine but by heavenly  
appointment are turned to good. So farewell fond  
and cruell Mistress, and may both Poles meet be-  
fore thy love and my affection, which is the firm  
resolve of  
Thy mortall Enemy.

SONG VI.

*The willing Prisoner.*

[Tune is, *We'll go no more to the Old Exchange, &c.*]

I.  
**H**Ave I not lov'd thee pretty one,  
A whole month and a day,  
And is't not now time to be gone  
I prithee Wanton say?  
I that untill I view'd thy face,  
Have laugh'd at Cupid's power  
Nere knew what amorous worship was  
Above a single hour,  
Am now enslaved by thy smiles  
And thy alluring postures,  
Nor am I weary of thy wiles,  
Nor dote upon thy gestures.

2.  
Sure thou hast some Circean charms,  
Some spell that so attracts me,  
Yet am I happy in my harm,  
And blest by that which wracks me.  
So loyall Prisoners kisse their Gyves  
And Martyrs play with fire.  
I would not part for thousand lives  
With thee my soules desire.  
Then Cupid grace thy Convertite  
With Pageants and Procession,  
And I such favour to requite  
Will trumpet my profession.

3.

O thou art all so sweet, so faire,  
 I lose my self in wonder,  
 And ~~Jove~~ himself would quit his Chair,  
 And throw aside his Thunder.

But to obtain one kisse from thee,  
 But ~~Jove's~~ self shan't supplant me,  
 For while I boast thy amitie  
 His fire-balls cannot daunt me.

Then come my Dearest, let me clip  
 Thy body most divine,  
 And suck ~~Nectar~~ from thy lip,  
 Which yeilds immortall wine.

4.

It is thy glory (Dearest sweet)  
 Thy light-lesse Archer never  
 Did with a Dart my bosome greet,  
 Thy eyes supply his Quiver.

Had Homer or Musæus seen  
 Thy rare resplendent glories,  
 Hellen and Hero ne'r had been  
 So famous in their stories.

Thou hadst fill'd up the mouth of Fame  
 And if my skill may raise thee,  
 He rears such Trophies to thy name  
 That after times shall praise thee.

Thou art that *Venus* which didst rise  
Out of the foaming Ocean,  
While all the rumid Deities  
Did wait upon thy motion.

Since then thou art that *Goddesse* kinde  
That rules the *Babie* Getters,  
Let thy belov'd *Anchyses* finde  
How thou his limbs canst fetter.

A brace of young *Aeneas* his  
I shall every year finde being,  
While I like Reel-backe *Hercules*  
My flesh am alwaies freeing.

---

A Letter from a Woman (heaven knows)  
being forced to wooe some obdurate  
young Man.

Sweet Sir,

I Cannot but tax you of too much harshnesse  
and dissonancy, who s<sup>i</sup>e her who so entirely af-  
fects you: must *Daphne* follow *Phœbus*? s<sup>i</sup>e Sir!  
can you be so uneasie, can you freeze in so hot a  
Summers day, certainly it is your mistake that  
occasions this scorn: I have youth and some beau-  
ty, else my glasse is treacherous, and all that cen-  
sure me are meer Calumniators; I doe confesse I  
am too pliant, too much Woman, yet I can frown &  
nip the passions of others even in the bud. I can tell  
others

others that they court our Sex onely to please their present heats, and then it is their pleasure to leave us; I can hold off, and by the Chymicall power of my countenance draw whole Rhesmes of Sonets and Madrigals from the brains of a weeping Lover; yet to you (dear Sir) who are my better self, I put off all those necessary niceties, and contrary to custome doe that office which no way befits a Woman, and intreat a Man to love, if you are humane, and have blood and spirit you cannot chuse but relent; though you are as hard as marble, yet I believe you are no Image; is it not deplorable that a thing of so exalt a form shap't out with so true a symmetry, that has all the organs of speech belonging to a man should render all those but livelesse women that walke upon wheeles: then (dear Sir) leave off what you have been, and be what God and Nature intended you for, a Man, and embrace that reall love which is unfeignedly prostrated by



Your affectionate, &c.

### A Souldier complementing a young Mayd.

**Souldier.** I am a Souldier and a Batchelour, Lady, I could love such a Wife as you infinitely, they that use many words are commonly

monly deceitfull; but the truth is, I long to be a Husband, a good Husband: I finde my self given to my ease a little, I am young yet see, and for my abilities you need not question them, if you are diffident, trie me before you take me.

Mayd. You appear to me Sir, so honest and so civil, that I dare bid you welcome without a blush.

Souldier. You have made me a bountifull amends for your strict carriage when you saw me first, you will not be angry Lady if I ask you one question.

Mayd. Any thing Sir.

Souldier. Are you a Mayd?

Mayd. You make me blush to answer you: I was ever accounted so, and durst confirm it Sir, with an oath.

Souldier. Then would I counsell you to marry presently, for every year you lose, you lose a Boy, together with a Beauty.

Mayd. I am not so strict Sir, nor so much tyed unto a Virgin solitarinesse, but if an honest and noble Souldier, (such as I esteem your self) should professe a sincere affection, I think I should accept it, but first I must have good assurance of his love; I know well how to be commanded, and how to be obeyed if occasion require

## The Academy of Pleasure.

quire it, nor is my Riall of lesse worth  
when tis spent, if spent by my direction  
for my Husbands advantage, and I doe  
hold it as indifferent in my duty to be  
his Mayd in the Kitchen, or his Cooke if  
necessity command it, as to know my self  
the Mistresse of the house in the Hall or  
the Parlour.

Souldier. Faith Lady, let's not linger, but be  
married on the sudden.

Mayd. And as suddenly you will repent your bar-  
gain.

Souldier. The sooner I shall blesse my Fate.

Mayd. You are a Flatterer; but to speak truth,  
the first time that I saw you I found  
something in that noble face, that com-  
manded my notice.

Souldier. I am all yours Lady.

Mayd. You have the art to cozen me, but I shall  
venture for once, Hymen has sometimes  
shewn himself.

---

SONG.



SONG VII.

A Pastorall Dialogue between Lalus  
and Melissa.

[Tune is, Didst thou not once Lucinda vow, &c.]

Lalus, **H**OW long (*Melissa*) shall thy scorn  
Make *Lalus* curse his fate,  
And wish that he had ne'r been born  
To perish by thy hate?

Melissa. Fond Shepherd, why art thou distressed,  
Have I not often said  
*Lalus*, No more thy self molest,  
In vain thou crav'st my ayd.

Lalus. What is't that renders me despis'd?  
My Flocks are neither few  
Nor lean; my love is highly priz'd  
By all the Nymphish crew.

Melissa. Ask me not why I shun thy love,  
I can no reason yeild,  
Great *Phœbus* could not *Daphne* move,  
Love cannot be compell'd.

Lalus: Then for thy love, O cruell Mayd!  
I must resigne my breath,  
Melissa. The Destinies must be obey'd,  
I doe not wish thy death.

Lalus. So sinking Mariners doe pray  
To Storms, and so they hear  
I will not live another day  
To feed on grief and fear.

F

Melissa.

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

*Meliss.* I would my power walkt hand in hand  
 With what I could desire,  
 But Fate no mortall can withstand,  
 Farewell, I must retire.

*Lelia.* Farewell, thou flinty-hearted Gyle,  
 Thou wilt repent too late,  
 When tarling Fame abroad shall hurl  
 The rigour of my Fate.

A new-married Wife thus discards her  
*quondam* Lover by Letter.

Sir,

**C**ould not your own discretion tell you that  
 When I was married I was none of yours: is  
 it not time Sir, to become vertuous? I hope you  
 will forget our past follies, and neither talk of our  
 intimacie, or cherish a thought of our future fami-  
 liarity; your eyes are now commanded to look off  
 me, I stand now in the marriage circle safe and  
 secure; nor can all your Spells, Charms, or Incan-  
 tations be of force to remove me; it is the highest  
 sacriledge to violate Wedlock you rob two Temples  
 at once, and so make your self doubly guilty, while  
 you ruine hers, and bespatter her Husbands honour,  
 but I have hopes of your conformity, & that for the  
 time to come you will love me vertuously, chastly,  
 and modestly, so expecting, nay imploring your  
 compliance, I take my leave, and am

Yours in all civil service

A conceited complementall Dialogue.

A waggish Wench and a new  
wounded Lover.

She. Did your wisdoms conceit, that I was in love?  
I wonder where I first began to suck in  
that unnaturall heat, I am sure not from  
these two leaden eyes of yours, that sight  
is no way piercing; I confesse they would  
be very lovely ones if the balls stood  
right, and there is a leg of yours (to your  
praise be it spoken) made out of a dainty  
Staffe, and yet God be thanked there is  
Casse enough.

He. Be pleased to pardon him Lady, who though  
once refractory, is now become soft and  
soluble, you see what miracles your beauty  
can work,

She. Alas! has it been wounded of late? pricke  
at the heart Ile warrant, With a forked-  
Arrow.

He. Let my true unfeigned penitence procure a  
pardon for my former follies, I doe ac-  
knowledge that dread powerfull Deitie  
little; great Cupid, and his all-quick-  
ning heat burns in my brest, I confesse I  
am he that once wronged your honour,  
that termed you unchaste and impudent.

*The Academy of Pleasure.*

and yet I am he that now doe beg your  
love, my Contrition is as true as my Al-  
legation Was false; I am now all love,  
and all your creature, nor can I live un-  
lesse you Will deigne to love me.

She. Well Sir, I shall consider of your suit, your  
Confession, and Contrition has something  
wrought upon me.

He. I am at your disposall.

## SONG VIII.

*The inspired Lover.*

[Tune is, *Gerards Mistresse.*]

**A**ppear I.

Thou true *Aurora*, suddenly appear,  
The world to chear;  
For till thou shin'st all things doe languish here:

Diffuse

Those lucid glories, oh diffuse thy beams  
To guild Loves streams,  
Where *Cupid* Anchors in a Ship of Dreams:

Too long th'hast been secluded  
When those fulgent Rayes of thine  
Can cloathe this Globe  
In such a Robe  
Shall *Cynthia's* self out-shine.

2.

Let our  
Humerous Poets flatter rottenesse and paint,  
And call her Saint,  
Making a Quean a Queen with language quaint,

And call  
Those Ladies beauteous, whose sunk watry eyes,  
And rivell'd thighs  
Would daunt Deaths self, meaning to make them prize.

Let them Kill dawb and varnish  
Old *Hecuba*, and call her fair,  
While we doe know  
'Tis nothing so,  
She sheds her nails and hayre.

3.

But thou  
Great Natures Goddesse, glory of thy kinde,  
Where shall we finde  
One like thy self for person and for minde?

Thy true,  
Yet Roseat colour that exceeds all art,  
And fires my heart,  
Those rare perfections lodg'd in every part.

That hie-built Iv'ry-forehead,  
That melting lip, and speaking-eye,  
And such a tongue  
Ingag'd in Song  
Would slave a Deltie.

4.

I doe  
Not envie *Phœbus* with his Lawreate Love,  
Nor would I prove  
*Saturn's Phylra*, or the Wife of *Jove*,

Let *Bacchus*  
Court his Madam in a kindly grape,  
Let *Saturne's* rape,  
Beauteous *Alcmena* in *Ambisrio's* shape,

I have more than heaven,  
Earth, or *Neptune's* Empire,  
Angels and Men  
Fall prostrate then  
Adore this Deitie.

5.

When I  
First perused that Celestiall face,  
In such a place,  
Where *Flores* tript it with her Nymphish race.

Did not  
The chearfull Goddesse and her Rose-crown'd crew  
All flockt to view,  
A mortall creature but of heavenly beiv.

Did they not each fall pro-  
-strate as sweet *Ver* in charge had given  
A flowry Wreath  
Each did bequeath  
To thee the joy of Heavens

6.

6. .

I am  
Not perplex'd at the great Turks Store,  
Or that the Oe  
Of hallowed Shrines serves to adorn his Whore.

The might-  
ry Sultan's greatness, or the Persian pride,  
I can abide;  
And view the great Iberian Monarch ride

In his Golden Charriot  
Studded with most precious Gems,  
In thee (my Dear)  
I have what ere  
The mightiest Prince esteems.

### A Jeering, ironick Epistle.

Sir,

**I** Have so much care of your health, that I can-  
not but intreat you (as the Welch Philosopher  
sayes) to take very many beeds, that your brains  
bring not your body to ruine. I hear you have un-  
dertaken all City-Feasts, Poeties for Chimneys and  
Chambers, and Entertainments Whinsoever, and  
wheresoever, at the perill of your own invention;  
tis a very noble resolve I confesse, but you must  
consider that the misery of Man may fitly be com-  
pared to a Divedapper, who when she is under  
Water past our sight, and indeed can seem no more

to us rises again, and does but shake her self, and is the very same she was : even so (belov'd Sir) is it still with transitory Man. You have learnt the names of the severall Liberall Sciences, and have written Epistles congratulatory to the Nine Muses, and are indeed one of the Water-Bayliffs of Helicon, But what then? Poverty is the Patrimony of the Muses; those that have seen the sad Exit of many a famous Poet, have made that old Law into a new Maxime : you are not to be taught that no man can be learned of a sudden, but let not your project for Poetrie discourage you, what (probably) you may lose in that you may get again in Alchymie; but what ever happens, you must remember that the chief note of a Scholar is to govern his passions; keep your hat on, the block salute few bare-headed, especially in Winter there is much danger in it. The Poet Æschilus while he was complementing with his hat in his hand had his brains beaten out by a shell-Fish darted from an Eagles claw, who took his bald-pate for a white Rock: I know you bruise your brains and confine your self to much vexation, I know also that eight and twenty severall Almanacks have been compiled, and all for severall years since first that fabrick of yours was indued with breath, and eight and twenty times has Phœbus Carre run out his yearly course since your oration. I need not play the Ædipus, or say you are eight and twenty years

of



of age; so wishing you long life, I rest and re-  
maine— Yours verily.

A Love-Song,  
Between Amintas and Cloris.

1.

**C**loris sigh'd, and sang, and wept,  
Sighing sang, and singing slept;  
Awakes, sighs, sings, and weeps again  
For Amintas [*Amintas!*] that was slain.

Oh! [*oh!*] had you seen his face quoth she,  
How sweet, how full of majestie:  
And there she stopt, and then she cryde,  
*Amintas! Amintas!* and so she dyde.

2.

*Cloris* dead! *Amintas* came,  
Whilst the *Eccho* sounds his name;  
A false report had noy'd him slain,  
Which makes her death a double pain.

Gone! [*gone*] is my Love, my life, (quoth he)  
The mirror of true constancy:  
And then he rests, and kissing cryes  
My *Cloris*, my *Cloris!* and by her dyes.

## SONG IX.

**C***orinna* false ! how may it be ?  
 Let me not hear'e again, 'tis blasphemy ;  
     She's Divine,  
     Not the Shrine ;  
     Where the Vestall flame doth shine,  
 Holds a Light more constant, pure than she :  
     Next shall the Night  
     Out burn that Taper-light  
 Which consumes the One-Ey'd day,  
     *Phœbus* rayes  
     Shall not gaze  
     *Titan* in his clearest face ;  
     Snow shall burn,  
     Floods return  
 To the Springs their funerall Urne,  
 Shall enlive its ashes e're her loves decay.

2.

'Tis said *Corinna*, how may it be ?  
 As false as my affections true to thee ;  
     That thou art  
     How my heart  
     Fears such terrors to impart  
 Not what thou was wont to be to me :  
     This ! this destroys  
     My late triumphant joyes .

Which

Which swell'd when in her armes entwinn'd,  
Love's best wreath,  
You did breathe  
Vowes to be my life till death;  
Robb'd that blisse,  
Leaving this,  
With sighs, and every word a kisse,  
Whilst that our poor souls are with love comm-  
(bin'd.

3.

Last Night I walk'd into a Grove,  
Where chaste embraces did oft expresse a love,  
Pure as fire,  
Whose desire  
Might but with our souls expire,  
This I vowed since your sad remove:  
The Nightingale  
Hast bush't her pretty tale  
Now leaving her duties to the Owle,  
When we spie  
From the Skie  
Falling Starres, our miserie,  
They assigne  
If you shine  
In any Obe of love but mine;  
Come, come *Corinna* and revive my soul.

*The*





*The Muses Expositor :*

OR,

*A Poeticall Dictionary,*

For Information of the meer  
English Reader.

A.

*Ajax.*

**A***jax* firnamed *Telemon*, who (vanquished by *Ulysses* invincible Oratory, who in despite of him obtained *Achilles's* Celestiall Armes) slew himselfe, out of whose blood sprang a Flower with these letters on the leaves, *A. J.* which are the first letters of his name, signifying *griefe*, and *dolour*: *Ajax* in Greek signifying *Ablasse*,

*Achilles*

*Achilles*

The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, the greatest and most excellent Warriour among the *Grecians*; the Poets will have him to be Invulnerable, only his heel might be pierced; which (say they) was proved by *Paris*, who<sup>d</sup> wounded him with an envenomed Dart (in the Temple of *Apollo*) in that very place, whereof he died.

## B.

*Bellerophon,*

As some will have it, the Son of *Neptune*, as others of *Glancus* King of *Epire*, an all-accomplisht young Prince; he residing in the Court of *Petrus* King of *Argos*, the Kings Wife (*Antbia*) became passionately in love with him, insomuch that (forgetting of what Sex she was) she offered him her body, but being rejected by this frigid *Hypolitus*, and dissident of his secrecie, with her haire dishevelled, and on her knees she besought the King her Husband, to wipe off her stain with sponges made of his heart who had ravisht her: *Petrus*, though highly incensed, would not immediately destroy him, nor permit his slaughter in his Palace, but contrived his ruine thus, He wrote Letters to his Father-in-law, *Johanan* King of *Lycia*, making *Bellerophon* the Messenger, intimating that upon receipt of those he should immediately  
kill

kill him. (*Bellerophon*) as his deepest enemy, the Prince thus dispatched with the message of his own murder, repaired to *Lycia*, and was magnificently treated by the King for the space of twelve dayes: which expired, *Jobaras* inquired the welfare of his Son and Daughter, with the present estate of *Epire*, demanding if he had no Letters that might hint his desired solution. *Bellerophon* presently pull'd forth his Packet, which the King receiving and reading, became much astonished; but dissembling his displeasure, he began to cogitate how he might deliver over *Bellerophon* to death by some wilie stragem, and therefore using him with all honour for some few dayes, he began at length to expresse more intimacy, often discoursing with him of Prodigies, Monsters and Serpents, amongst the rest he mentioned the Chymera, a most hydeous monster, informing him, that whosoever should destroy that beast should have Temples erected to his honour. *Bellerophon*, whose magnanimity was sufficient to animate him to any adventure, (though never so dreadfull) readily undertook the incounter, vanquishing this more than monster thanks to his plumed palfray; for which deliverance, *Jobaras* not onely altered his sanguine resolve, but gave him one of his Daughters, called *Cassandra* in marriage, with part of his Territories:

*Cassan-*

C.

*Cassandra,*

A Prophetesse, Daughter to *Priam* King of *Troy*: Antiquity relates that *Apollo* was much enamoured on this Sybill, who for a long time remained deafe to his demands, to the great grief of that God, as is sweetly hinted by the famous French Poet *Ronsard* in one of his most excellent Sonets ( translated, and almost fitted for the Presse ) to his Mistresse, whom he shadows under the name of *Cassandra*, Son. 22.

*So sacred Phœbus up and down did rove  
On Zinchus banks (by Illion swiftly running)  
While rivers, Woods, and flowry-meads did move,  
Wailing (with him) Cassandra's cruell cunning :*

*In vain the pensive God his Harp did plie,  
(Mingling his briny-tears with Zanthus stream)  
In vain he taxt his Ladies cruelty,  
Wasting his vitals in an amorous Dream.*

*As thou great God of Science, and of Light,  
Gold-hayr'd Hyperion wert once perplexed ;  
So am I stabb'd with dolours day and night,  
With griping care, and sullen sorrow vexed, &c.*

Yet at last this love-sick Deity got a grant of his wishes, on this condition that *Phœbus* should furnish her with such Prescience, that she should



be able to foretell the Fates of Men, Nations, and Cities for Ages to come. *Phæbus* granted her desire, but claiming her promise, she gave a scornfull negation : At which *Apollo* being incensed ( since it was impossible to seize what he had already conferred for the Gods ( say the Poets ) cannot revoke their promise ) added this, That though she prophesied never so truly no man should believe her, the reason that though she foretold the calamities that must inevitably follow if *Helen* were not restor'd, yet none hearkned to her advice.

*Calais,*

The Brother of *Zetes*, both Sonnes to *Boreas* ; the two Brothers being imbarqued with *Jason*, and the other *Argonauts*, for the conquest of the Golden Fleece, hapned to cast Anchor in a Haven of *Bythinia*, then under the Scepter of *Phineas* King of *Bythinia* and *Paphlagonia*, ( a man most skilful in predicting future accidents ) who, for divulging the secrets of the Gods, having been honoured with their counsels, was not onely struck b'inde by *Jupiter*, but most strangely tormented by Harpies, i. e. monstrous Birds, having faces like Virgins, their hands mis-shapen and wondrous large, furnished with great bellies and insatiate appetites, these so soon as *Phineas* was set down to meat were

were constant Intruders, either devouring all, or in case any dish escaped their rapacity, they defiled it with loathsome excrements. *Phineas* having foreseen the approach of those noble Adventurers who were now landed in his Dominions, furnishing himself with a Guide, resorted to their Harbour; relating his misfortune, and imploring their assistance, adding, That he was neer allyed to them in blood, having married one of their Sisters call'd *Cleopatra*, also that he had a long time expected their approach, as appointed by heaven for his deliverance. The Sons of *Boreas* ( whose shoulders were adorned with wings like Birds ) and their fellow-Adventurers being moved with compassion, associated him to his Court, where at the hour of Dinner they were sumptuously feasted, but scarce had they tasted the Vyands, when behold the Harpies (with hideous noyse) invaded the meat, filling the room with a noysome stench: then the Sons of *Boreas* presently taking wing, fell upon the Harpies with such courage that they forced them to flie, when a voice was heard from heaven, forbidding their further pursuit, and assuring that the Harpies should no more infest *Phineas*, *Appollonius*, *Valerius Flaccus*.

*Caster,*

*Castor,*

The Brother of *Pollux*, the two Sons of *Lada*, the first by *Tyndarus*, the second by *Jupiter*; they were born in *Æbalia*, called also *Laconia*; *Castor* being slain by *Melæger* his Brother, *Pollux*, (who challenged the right of Immortality, as the Son of *Jove*) so infinitely loved him that he prevailed with his Father *Jupiter* that his Immortality might equally be shared betwixt them; which being granted, they live and are in heaven by turns.

## D.

*Delphos,*

Where *Apollo's* Temple once stood, on the Hill of *Parnassus*, a Rock every where hanging over it, where stood a City not defended by Walls but by Precipices; the middle of the Rock did open it self into the form of a Theater, by reason whereof the clamour of men and the clangor of Trumpets when they were sounded, was heard more multiplied by the Reverberation; which strook the men of that Age (being ignorant of the naturall cause) with great terrour, adding a reverend amazement to their admiration: here this Devil of *Delphos* a long time gave Oracles, much about this hollow of the Rock, on the middle of the height of the Hill,

Hill, there was a little Plane, and in it a deep Hole, out of which the Oracle proceeded, which being a cold breath driven up (as it were) by a winde, did possesse the mindes of the Priests with a madnesse, who being filled with the God (or rather the Devil) he did inforce them to give Answers to those that demanded them.

## E.

*Empedocles*

The renowned Scicilian Philosopher, he constituted two principles of all things, viz: *Vacancy* and *Repletion*, and was of opinion that of those Atoms congregated in one bulk; all this great ALL took being, that he might be thought a God, he leapt into *Aetna*, as was confirmed by the ejection of his brazen shoes.

## F.

*Faunus,*

One of the Wood Gods, sometimes taken for *Robin Good-Fellow*; one of that name King of the Latines, who first erected Temples, was worshipped with Divine Honours, of whom all Temples were called *Fanes*.

*Gorgons,*

G.

## Gorgons.

*Phorcus* the Son of *Neptune* had six Daughters, three whereof were called the *Aged*, because they were born with white hayres covering their bodies like a garment; the other three were named *Gorgons* for their horrible shapes. *Gorgon* in Greek signifying terrible: they feign that these three had but one Eye to see with, and one Tooth to eat with, which they mutually injoyed by turns. *Medusa* being mortall, but the other immortal: they had their heads periwigg'd with scales of Dragons, their teeth long as those of a wilde Boare, having wings wherewith they flew; moreover qualified with this excellent property, that whoever looked upon them were immediately converted to stone, for so the Poets and Grammarians (as well Greeks as Latines will have it) but to speak truth, and with Authentick Authority for warrant they were indued with such excellent beauty that all that gazed upon them were surprized with amazement: thence came the Fiction, that they were converted into stone, *Nat. Comes Mythol, lib. 6.*

Hymen

H.

*Hymen*

The God of Marriage, he was born in *Athens*. It hapned that the chief Virgins of the City sporting themselves in an Evening by the Sea-shore were surprized by Pyrates, and with the rest, *Hymen* (who to enjoy the company of his Beloved had put himself into the habit of a Woman) was brought on board, but at midnight this masculine Mayd cut the throats of all the Pyrates while they were soundly sleeping; and running to the City, demanded of the Citizens what they would give to him that should restore their Daughters? They being surprized with joy, promised him all they were masters of. He onely requested the immediate possession of his Mistress; which being confirmed unto him by oath, he immediately gave every man his Gyrle, and receiving his dearest Dear to his imbraces, that marriage proved so fortunate, that after his decease it was the constant custome of the Greeks to Invoke *Hymen* at every Nuptial Feast; and from them the Latines received that Ceremony, long time in use amongst them.

I.

Iô,

The Daughter of *Inachus*, transformed into a Cow, and Bull'd by *Jupiter*; at which, *Juno* being angry, created a Flie called the *Æstrum*, which so stung poor *Iô* that she became mad, and afterwards brought forth a Son to *Jupiter*, called *Epaphus* *Æschylus*.

L.

*Laomedon*,

Father to *Priam*, he intending to build the City of *Troy*, *Neptune* and *Apollo* (degraded of their Rule) indentured with him for an Annual Salary to afford their utmost ayde: This proffer was cheerfully imbraced by *Laomedon*, but his work finished, he not onely denyed to make good his agreement, but threatned in case they departed not his Territories to cut off their eares and banish them into some barren Island: this brace of Deities thus injuriously dealt with were extremely incensed, and resolving to castigate this perfidious Prince, *Apollo* shot his Arrows (headed with pestilence) into the Town, while *Neptune* thundred his rage in impetuous Torrents that passed over the walls, threatning an utter devastation by water, *Laomedon* being thus plued with fire within, and water without,

out, resorted to the Oracle, inquiring the cause and cure of these evils: Answer was given, That the enraged Powers could not be appeased but with the yearly Tribute of an immaculate Virgin made choice on by Lot, and bound to a Rock adjoining to the Sea-shore there to be devoured by the Monsters of the Sea: *Laomedon* returning to *Troy*, summoned the Grands of the City, to whom he related the harsh Doom of the Oracle: they (of two evils, willing to chuse the least) gave their consent, but with this caution, that the Sortilege should impartially passe: the Lots were immediately cast, and (by the appointment of Fate) fell upon *Hesione* the Kings Daughter, who was immediately taken, and her silken limbs fastned to a Rock with iron-chains; as this naked Princess was bemoaning her captivity, every minute in expectation to be buried in the bowells of a monstrous Orke. The great *Hercules* passing that way, being moved with compassion to hear her laments, gave her deliverance, by slaying the monster. *Laomedon* falling at the feet of *Hercules*, manifested his joy, proffering him thirty Horses lately given him by *Jupiter*. *Hercules* gave him thanks, but refused the gratuity (being now on his journey for the atchievement of the Golden Fleece) till his return, which was in a few dayes after: but demanding his Horses, *Laomedon* denyed that  
he



*The Academy of Pleasure.*

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he ever made such a Proposall: at which monstrous ingratitude *Hercules* being justly incaged, sacked the City of *Troy*. *Valerius Flaccus Apollonius, lib. 3.*

M.

*Medea,*

The Wife of *Jason*, for whose sake she betrayed her Countrey, slew her Brother, and lastly, her her own Children.

N.

*Nereides,*

Nymphs of the Ocean, waiting upon *Thetis*: they are said to be fifty in number.

O.

*Orpheus,*

The Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*: or, as others say, of *Oxger* a Mountaine in *Thrace* and *Polymania*. He is said by the sweetnesse of his melody to attract the affections of Trees and Stones, to calm the Windes, and stop the courses of Rivers; his Wife *Euridice* dying, he took his journey to Hell, where he obtained such favour of *Pluto*, (for it seems the very Devils delight in musick) that his Wife had leave to return with him to the Earth; but in case he looks back till his arrivall there, the favour should be frustrate. He (who doated upon his Wives countenance) forgetting the Injunction

G

of

of the Acherontick God, must needs look over  
his shoulder, and so in a moment lost his dear  
& long attempted purchase; therefore return-  
ing to the earth he spent his dayes in the sever-  
est solitude, and yet his mourning occasioned  
mirth, for,

1.

*While Orpheus sweetly did complain,  
Upon his Lute, with heavy strain,  
How his Eudice was slain;  
The Trees to hear  
Obtain'd an ear,  
And after left it off again.*

2.

*At every stroke and every stay,  
The boughs kept time, and nodding lay,  
And listned, bending all one way;  
The Aspen-Tree  
As fast as he,  
Began to shake, and learn'd to play.*

—being finally (after a tedious languishment,  
become a Woman-eater) he was slain by Thra-  
cian Women as the very enemy of their sex.

*Philomel,*

P.

*Philomel,*

Or the Nightingale, the Daughter of Pandion  
 King of *Thrace*, who to be revenged on her  
 Husband *Tereus* (who had deflowred her Sister,  
 and cut out her tongue to prevent discovery)  
 slew her own Son *Itus*, and feasted his Father  
 with his limbe, and was transformed into a Bird  
 called a Nightingale. *Strada* has an excellent  
 copy of Verses, containing a contention between  
 this mellifluous Chorister and a skillfull Lutinist,  
 which for the Readers delight (as they were  
 lately translated) shall be here inserted.

*Now the declining Sun 'gan downward bend  
 From higher heaven, and from his locks did send  
 A wilder flame, when near to Tybers flow  
 A Lutinist allay'd his carofull woe  
 With sounding charms, and in a greeny seat  
 Oth' shady Oaks took shelter from the heat.*

*A Nightingale overheard him, that did use  
 To sojourn in the neighbour-Grove, the Muse  
 That fill'd the place, the Syrens of the wood,  
 Peer harmlesse Syren stealing neer, she stood  
 Close lurking in the leaves, attentively  
 Recording that unwonted melody,  
 She conn'd it to her self, and every strain  
 His fingers play'd, her throat return'd again.*

G 2

The

The Lutinist perceiv'd an answer sent  
 From th' imitating Bird, and was content  
 To shew her play; more sully, then, in haste  
 He tries his Lute, and giving her a taste  
 Of the ensuing quarrel, nimbly beats  
 On all his strings—

—As nimbly she repeats,  
 And mildly ranging o're a thousand Keyes  
 Sounds a shrill warning of her after-Layes.

With rolling hand the Lutinist then plies  
 The trembling threads, sometimes in scornfull wise  
 He brushes down the strings, and kems them all  
 With one even stroak, then takes them severall;  
 And culls them o're again; his sparkling joynts  
 With busie descant, mincing on the points,  
 Reacht back with nimble touch, that done he staves.

The Bird replies, and Art with Art repaves,  
 Sometimes as one inexpert, or in doubt  
 How she might wile her voyce she draweth out  
 Her Tone at large, and doth at first prepare  
 A solemn strain, not weav'd with winding ayre,  
 But with an equall pitch and constant throat  
 Makes clear the passage for her gliding note,  
 Then crosse division diversly she playes,  
 And landly chaunting out her quickest Layes,  
 Poysses the sound, and with a quivering voyce  
 Falls back again.—

—He Wond'ring how so choise,  
 So was our harmony could issue out

From

From such a little throat does go about  
Some harder lessons, and with wondrous art  
Changing the strings, doth up the Treble dart.  
And downward smite the Base, with painfull stroke  
He beats; and as the Trumpet doth provoke  
Sluggards to fight, even so his wanton skill  
With mingled discord joyneſ the hoarſe and ſhrill.

The Bird this alſo tunes, and while he cuts  
Sharps, notes with melting voyce and mingled puts  
Measures of middle ſound, then ſuddenly  
She thunders deep, and juggle it inwardly  
With gentle murmure, clear and ſweet ſhe ſings  
By courſe as when the Martiall warning rings.

Believe't the Minſtrel bluſht with angry mood  
Inflam'd quoth he, thou Channreſſe of the Wood  
Eiſher from thee Ile bear the prize away,  
Or vanquiſht break my Lute, without delay  
Inimitable accents then he ſtrains,  
His hand flies ore the ſtrings in one he chains  
Farre different numbers, chaſing here and there,  
And all the ſtrings belabours every where.

But ſhe when practiſe long her throat had wear,  
Induring not to yeild at once doth ſee  
Her ſpirits all at work, and all in vain,  
For while ſhe labours to expreſſe again  
With Nature's ſimple voyce ſuch diuers Keyes,  
With ſlender pipes ſuch laſty notes as thoſe,  
Ore matcht with high deſignes, ore matcht with woe,  
Juſt at the laſt incounter of her foe.

*She faints, she dyes, falls on his Instruments  
That conquer'd her, a sitting Monument.*

R.

*Rhea,*

Called also *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods,  
Wife of *Saturn*, the Father of *Jupiter*.

S.

*Salmacis,*

A Nymph in love with a Sullen Youth, whom  
she one day found bathing in a chriftaline River,  
and stripping her self, accosted him naked; but  
he still refusing her love, she clasped him about  
the middle, and invoking the heavenly powers  
that they might never part, they were incorpo-  
rated.

T.

*Telephus,*

The Sonne of *Hercules* King of *Mysia*, being  
wounded by *Achilles* with an Axe (when land-  
ing with his forces on his Continent, they were  
opposed by the *Mysians*, being now on their  
journey for *Troy*) could not be cured in eight  
years after: resorting to the Oracle to inquire  
what were best to be done. He received answer,  
That he who gave the wound, alone could cure  
it. He therefore coming to *Achilles* was by him  
stricken again with that very Axe in the same  
place

place as before, and was immediately cured ;  
a cure both swift and strange.

## V.

*Venus.*

Of the Sea-born Goddess, her story is thus :  
*Saturn*, the Son of Heaven and Earth, by the  
persuasion of his Mother, cut off his Fathers  
Testicles, throwing them into the Sea, from the  
spour whereof *Venus* had being, whence she  
is called by *Lycophron*,

—[*Lover of the Privities.*]—

The first place where she landed was *Cythera*,  
from thence she set sayle for *Cyprus*, whence  
she is called *Cythera* and *Cyprides*. The An-  
tients painted her (as newly arising from the  
Ocean) naked, sayling in a shell. *Alexander*  
the Great commanding *Apelles* to give her  
Effigie, afforded him his own Paramour (all  
naked) as his pattern ; but the Painter having  
finished his piece, was as much surprized with  
this living, as *Alexander* with that dead *Venus* ;  
and by *Alexanders* license, received her as the  
reward of his Industry. On this subject the Poet  
*Baif* has an *Ode*, which (because it was never  
yet Englished) I will here insert.

Behold her hayre, yet moyst with brine,  
 Plaiting her locks with artfull care,  
 The Sea-born Venns (all Divine)  
 To Cyprus Island doth repair :  
 A Shell's her Skip, no sooner bonn  
 But Incense does her Shrine adorn.

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**[ The End of the *Muses* Expofitor.**

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\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*  
A playster for *Priscians* pate.

AN  
APPENDIX  
TO  
*The Academy of Pleasure.*

Containing  
An *Alphabeticall Explanation*  
of *Hård Words*,  
*For Instruction of the Weaker sort*  
of *Capacities.*

A.

**A** Dulate ] flatter, or cooze  
Abreviate ] make short

Ar ihilate ] make void

Abandon ] forsake.

Acherontick ] relating to Hell

Adulterated ] corrupted, altered from  
its genuine purity

G 5

Abdica.

## **An Alphabetical Explanation**

**Abdicated**] *thrown downe*

**Absolved**] *forgiven*

**Abhominare**] *hate deadly*

**Alienated**] *ostranged, or lost to former knowledge*

**Anagram**] *a Divination by names, called by the Antients Onomantia; the Greeks referre this Invention to Lycophron, who was one of those they called the Seven Starres, or Pleiades; afterwards (as witnesses Eustachius) there were divers Greek Wits that disported themselves herein, as he which turned Atlas for his heavy burthen in supporting Heaven into Talas, that is, wretched. Some will maintain, that each mans Fortune is written in his Name, which they call Anagramatisme, or Metagramatisme: Poetical liberty will not blush to use E for A, V for W, S for Z. That amorous Youth did very quaintly jure, resolving a mysterious expression of his Love to Rose Hill, when in the border of a painted cleath he caused to be painted as rudely as he had devised grossly a Rose, a Hill, an Eye, a Leaf, and a Well, that is if you spell it, I Love Rose Hill,*

**Accost**]

*of hard words.*

Accost	] salute
Accrew	] gain by industry
Apocripbal	] doubtful
Assume	] take to himselfe
Alacrity	] chearfulnesse
Allusion	] relating to another matter
Amiable	] fair or lovely
Amicable	] friendly
Arbitrate	] decide, or end a controversie
Alternate	] constantly in motion
Agile	] nimble
Absterfiv	] See the description of Byr- tha's bed in Gondibert, Commented on by E. R. Canto 2.

The Poets were of Absterfiv Ebony,  
Though no Absterfivnesse in Poets we finde.  
In Powder tane ( the Learned not deny )  
It cleanses Choler, and in Pills Breaks winde.

**B.**

Beatificall	] blessed
Barbarity	] cruelty
Bi-fronted	] double-faced
Boystronously	] rudely
Bestiall	] unmanly
Burse	] Exchange
Borean	] blustering

Barter

## *An Alphabetical Explanation*

Barter ] traffick one commodity for another

Brutish ] swinish

Brittle ] apt to be broken

Bleak ] cold

Blythe ] merry or sportive

Beneficial ] profitable

Blissfull ] happy

Barathrum ] Hell

Bromeus ] a name of Bacchus

Bumpkinly ] clownish

Bordering ] near adjoining

---

## C

Captious ] witty or apprehensive

Candid ] of a clear temper

Captious ] tetchy or quarrelsome

Contemnuous ] undervaluing, or despising

Concis ] brief

Contemporary ] equall in time

Conspicuous ] visible

Commemorate ] call to minde a thing past, or party deceased

Consanguineous ] allyed by blood

Conflagrate ] set on fire

Castigate ] chastise, or correct

Con.

*of hard words.*

- Consummate] *finish*  
 Co-adjutor] *fellow Aydar*  
 Cataracts] *fallings of the River Nile  
in Egypt*  
 Corroborate] *increase in power by a con-  
stant addition of strength*  
 Contemplate] *serious thinking*  
 Completion] *finishing*  
 Combustible] *apt to take fire*  
 Commence] *take a degree*  
 Chalybers] *tamers of steel*  
 Connexion] *joyning together*
- 

**D**

- Delusive] *deceitfull*  
 Devastate] *lay waste*  
 Depopulate] *destroy a people*  
 Delineate] *make evident at large*  
 Denude] *strip bare*  
 Dethronize] *thrust a lawfull King out  
of his Throne*  
 Despoilate] *behead him*  
 Donour] *a Giver*  
 Donation] *by gift*  
 Diabolical] *Hellish, devilish, or damna-  
ble*  
 Decollation] *beheading*

## *An Alphabetical Explanation*

- Diffimulate] *hide an intent*  
Dislocate] *disjoyn, or take in pieces*  
Debilitated] *weakened*  
Deride] *scoffe at*  
Disconsolate] *melancholy, sad, or joy-  
lesse*  
Despicable] *worthlesse, not worth mind-  
ing*
- 

### *E.*

- Ebriety] *Drunkennesse*  
Epicedium] *a Funerall Song*  
Encomion] *grainary Verses*  
Epithalamium] *a Marriage Song*  
Epigram] *a short, but pithy kinde of  
Poesse, very delectable. The best that  
ever wrote in that kinde were, Mar-  
tiall, Ausonius, Owen, Harrington  
and our fadome Ben*  
Elegant] *neatly phras'd*  
Elaborate] *accomplished style*
- 

### *F.*

- Fallacious] *deceitfull*  
Frontiniack] *a kinde of wine very plea-  
sant to the tast*

Frater.

*of hard words.*

Fraternity ] *Brotherhood*  
Facetious ] *subtle, polite*  
Fidelious ] *trusty*

---

*G.*

Garulous ] *talkative*  
Gygantick ] *big of stature*  
Gerion ] *a Monster with three heads*  
Ganymed ] *Jove's Cup-bearer*  
Garbage ] *ruffe, or refuse*  
Glaciate ] *congeals to Ice*

---

*H.*

Hyems ] *Winter*  
Hymen ] *said to be the God of Mar-  
riage*  
Harralde ] *wakened with tedious toyle*  
Harpocrates ] *portrayed with his finger  
on his mouth; sayd to be the God of  
silence*  
Hyacinth ] *a Boy beloved of Phœbus, by  
him unfortunately slain and turned in-  
to a Flower*

*Infant.*

## *An Alphabetical Explanation*

### *I.*

- Insaniate] *mad out of ones wits*  
Infranchise] *release*  
Invulnerable] *not to be wounded*  
Implacable] *not to be pleased, rude of  
souls*  
Insinuate] *flatter himselfe into friend-  
ship*  
Inferiall] *belonging to Abyſſe*  
Irradiate] *beautifie*  
Incorporated] *made one*  
Indu'gent] *loving ~~more~~ ardently than  
wisely*  
Indocible] *not to be taught*
- 

### *K.*

- Kalendar] *an Almanack*
- 

### *L.*

- Lascivious] *given to VVomen*  
Loquacious] *talkative*  
Lindgarth] *the name of an Amazon*  
Laudable] *praise-worthy*  
Litigious] *vain, idle*  
Lark] *lie bid*

*Laura,*



*of hard words.*

Laura ] the name of a Woman immortalized by the pen of the famous Petrarch

Lapidary ] one that has skill in the virtues of Stones

Lynceus ] said to be so quick sighted that he could pierce through the Globe of the Moon

Lunacious ] Moonish

Lycanthropia ] a Disease causing those that are infected therewith to imagine themselves to be transformed into Wolves

---

*M.*

Morosity ] sourness, sullenness

Maternal ] motherly

Morpheus ] said to be the God of Sleep

Menstruous ] putrid, defiled

Mitigate ] lessen the matter

*N.*  
Nausate ]

# An Alphabetical Explanation

## T.

**Tantalize**] to view the thing desired,  
but not being able to attain it

**Tartarus**] Hell

**Tarnish**] Eclipse or dim a lustre

## V.

**Venerous**] sensual, wantonly inclin'd  
**Vituperate**] maligne, slander, &c.

**Vivacious**] lively, lusty, &c.

**Varnish**] wash over rottenness with  
pleasant colours

**Virago**] a masculine woman

**Warlike**] addicted to Arms, desirous of  
Military employment



From Geo. Simon  
m. John Gauden

FINIS.



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